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Don't put it away and forget it, otherwise.—
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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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A line of 36 inch, nearly all wool, STRIPED DRESS GOODS, marked down to 12½ cents, were sold at 35 cents. This is the biggest 12½ cents' worth ever offered in Pittsburg.

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—IN—
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which we wish to send every one Samples. Write to us and tell us your needs.

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A lot of double-width cashmere, new colorings, made specially for us, only 25c. a yard

All-wool faney stripes, in the new spring shades, 36 inches wide, regular 5c. goods only 38c. a yard.

50 pieces all-wool mixture suitings, 50 in. wide, 36c. a yd.

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Call for the "Colchester"
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and you can walk, run or jump in them.

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Cleanses the Nasal Passages.
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A particle is applied into each nostrils and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail registered, 60 cts. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., New York.

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If you want a First-class SAW MILL, send for Catalogue and special price to introduce in your section to
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BONANZA to AGENTS SAMPLES FREE Both sexes. Write now GEO. A. SCOTT, New York City

Job work of all kinds neatly executed at this office. Give us a trial.

"ATTEMPTED SUICIDE."

Your Honor, I ha'nt got a word to say in my defense;
You've listened to the painful facks, but ef it's no offense
I'll tell you in a simple way—I ain't great on the talk—
Whyfore a gray old chap like me wanted to "cut the stalk."

It's forty year since me and Ruth wuz tied as man and wife,
And nary mortal ever had a truer mate for life.
In all them years we never had a word as you'd call across
(Barrin' the Christmas Day she bruk the knees of Jeff, the hoss).

We growed up like a elm that runs two stems from the same bole;
Sometimes I thought that over yond' we'd on'y have one soul!
I never done a thing I didn't ask her 'pinion first,
And of'nur than you'd think I found my own way wuz the wust.

When nabors asked me how's my farm I'd crect 'em—say 'twas here'n,
That Ruth done all the thinkin' work and I wuz thar to learn.
She saved and saved and paid and paid until the place wer clear—
Poor gal, she didn't 'spect 'twould go so soon ter th' auctioneer!

We never had no children, barrin' Zach, and he wer bad;
Cut off I'm hum and went to N' York ter larn to write and add;
Said me and mother hedn't sense ter come in out the rain!
I 'spect he's dead, or docterin' p'raps for grammar on the brain.

That's years and years and years ago; but Ruth she never blamed
The lad as gave us up 'cos of home he wuz ashamed.
She larnt me how ter write quite good, a-sayin' as our Zach
Ud be so proud his father knowed so much when he got back.

But Zach he'd throwed us up for good; and so for many years
His mother's heart wuz wearin' down with floods of secret tears;
I often catched her weepin' when I come in for my tea,
And I thinks: "Poor lass, you're breakin' fast with too much constancy."

One stormy day she stayed a-bed, and I sat by her side;
(The rain come down like NFgra). I just sat thar and cried.
For she talked of sunny meadows, seemed ter hear sweet songs afar;
And I knowed the Lord had sent down word He wanted her up thar.

Then when she fetched around a bit she says for me, says she:
"Don't be too down about with Zach—and practice on that capital D.
I'll tell the Lord how good you wuz; although He hears and sees,
And knows we never had no words, 'cept 'bout that boss's knees."

It fetched me in a tender p'int ter see her thar so sick,
Troubles about my wrists and about my 'rithmetic.
She took my hand, we kissed good-bye, and "ranged for meet agen
Where tears is tears of gladness and death can't enter in.

Your Honor, when I'd buried her my life wuz struck with blight;
There weren't a blame thing 'round the farm that I could 'tend to right.
My thoughts wasn't thar. One day I took the road ter get a shoe,
And woke up standin' by the stun readin' "aged sixty-two."

And so at last I selled the farm and went ter run that lad,
Thinkin' that p'raps he'd growed out of his shame for his old dad.
For twenty months I've s'arched and s'arched and end up now in N' York.
All gone—too poor ter drive around and much too tired to walk.

And then, oh, blessed God! I'm glad ye sped that bullet wide,
There'd ben a tear in Hear'n if I had died a suicide.

* * * * * * *

His Honor's fainted! Water here! Where is my specks? Jeowack!
Ruth, Ruth, look down from Paradise! I've found him. Here's our Zach!
—Thomas Frost, in N. Y. Herald

A TEXAN MARKET.

Busy Scenes Enacted Once a Week at Houston.

The Queer Things One Sees and Hears in and Around the Market-House Every Saturday—All Nationalities Are There.

Pursuing the odd, the new and the characteristic takes the tourist to the Saturday evening market held at Houston. It is something unique and this the only place to see it, small markets not being allowed here as in other cities. Houston also holds a Sunday market, but inaugurated the Saturday movement for the benefit of those who were too lazy or too religious to rise early on the Sabbath morning. It has borne good fruit, opening out great and new fields for trade, as the German farmers soon came in from distances of twenty miles and more hauling their produce in wagons, and wholesaling it to the many small dealers, who now depend on this supply, their "prairie schooners" and slow ox teams of four and five yokes of oxen filling the streets with an element usually unknown in city life.

The market-house itself, standing in the midst of its square, is a fine-looking building, with crouching lions at the corners and fountains in the grass-plot at the side; but it is the people who congregate here that make it such a remarkable scene, the venders alone representing every nationality, Americans being far in the minority.

The market wagons occupy one side of the thoroughfare which bounds the square. They stand drawn up in line, their hind wheels touching the curb, the horses' heads turned to the middle of the street. It is supposed, and in some few cases correctly, that as the owners of these wagons pay no stall rent, but only a small license to sell, they will dispose of their commodities at lower prices that do those venders within the building. It is only in this outer row that we find the negro market gardener. He raises all that he offers, from the fat turkeys, ready dressed or alive in coops, to the tiny bird-peppers, brilliant in hue, small as a pea, hot as fire, and delightful in flavor, which grow wild along the bayou that borders his land.

Near by on the sidewalk a Chinese peddler displays his wares. John has his pig-tail neatly pinned up, and his blouse and shoes are models of cleanliness.

"Any ting a-day?" he asks, exhibiting wonderful fans and cushions, brushes, teapots, Chinese lilies, and what not. He tries to be very persuasive in his pidgin-English, and resents demonstratively the interruption of the little black-eyed Dago boy who runs up his hand-cart of hot peanuts and takes his stand, vociferously calling his wares.

A fat, yellow man, as greasy as his own plucked geese, is chaffering by his cart with a slip of a girl, who believes, and rightly, that he is cheating her in both price and measure as she buys from him a supply of okra for gumbo on the morrow.

Here is a little German woman, face sharp and puckered into innumerable wrinkles; but her balls of hand-cheese, strewed with caraway seeds, are white and appetizing. She has put some away in a can, which she tells you "schmeck gut;" but when uncovered they are as yellow as gold, and "smell to heaven;" yet these her German customers prefer.

This thin-faced Italian has a wagon laden with game, all killed close by. Mule-eared rabbits and "mollie-cottontails;" squirrels, red, black and gray, some skinned, some not; bunches of partridges, braces of prairie chicken and dozens of snipe tied together by the neck; some wild geese; ducks of all kinds, from canvas-back to didapper; and here is a single sand-hill crane—fine eating the bird is, too, and a handsome fellow to shoot. The owner is a good salesman and an eager. He calls to each passer-by, and knows well how to praise and show his stock. Small, swarthy, lithe and dirty, he is a type of his class, always asking higher than he will get, and dropping little by little to the offered price at last.

Many others are in line, but they are but repetitions of these, if we except the strapping brown virago, with her poultry and eggs, turnips and cabbage, who is too busy joking coarsely with the colored men and abusing the venders around her to pay much attention to her trade.

Within the building stretches a quadruple row of vegetable stalls, all tended by women, German and Irish exclusively, clean dressed and hatless. Their wares make a pretty show; no hot-bed products are here, no garden truck from other States, but all home-raised. The fresh green and white of the succulent spring vegetables are seen in the midst of December, the pale pink radishes lying in the crisp, curly leaves of chicory; the purple kohl-rabi against the piles of creamy, wax beans; the long, slim pods of "Carolina okra" are heaped next to golden carrots and red spring beets; piles of purple egg-plants are ranged between cabbage heads, proverbially hard; while great bunches of cool, white celery keep company with baskets of fresh green pease and pink-skinned new potatoes. The women are very artistic in their arrangement of these things, and they make a fine display of color; but fruit they do not touch. Here again the Dago comes to the fore. You find him in stalls stocked with West India, Northern, and California fruits; only what other States draw from the Antilles, Mexico supplies to Texas.

"Lemona a tawenta centa dozna; appelay, banan, grapa—all a cheapa," they assure one as he goes by.

Very foreign they look, with gold rings in their ears, men though they be, and red mufflers around their throats. They seem to give endless amusement to the respectable-looking colored man and woman opposite, who keep a stall where they sell cold food—fried catfish and tender chicken, hard-boiled eggs and heaps of golden corn-bread and roasted potatoes, with thin-sliced sandwiches, all appetizing indeed, and where many a darky stops to eat a meal and treat his dusky "Dulcinea."

Beyond is the meat market, the butchers nearly all Germans, with a Frenchman and an American or two, to mix the nationalities. Passing through that, we enter what may be called the bazar—little stores of ready-made clothing, both male and female, tinware, cutlery, baskets, fancy articles, candy, all separate, and the last-named stalls presided over by handsome Italian and pleasant German girls. It is a very *olla podrida* of merchandise.

Back of this again, the fish-market and game of various kinds; and here once more does the Dago find an occupation. There are shrimps, crabs, oysters and all sorts of fish, but the catfish, in infinite variety, stands out in marked prominence, for it is the favorite of the negro race, and they are rare good customers.

In and out of the building surge the crowd, for all of Houston is here. It is a singular custom, this making a fashionable promenade of the market, yet it obtains, and the fine ladies do not seem to mind the mixture of peoples or the place itself, but dress in "purple and fine linen" for the occasion. The dude is in force, and the "masher" is not wanting; the men who stare and the girls who love to be stared at; sober matrons on house-keeping thoughts intent; flirtatious maidens who push through the crowd, and seem to have no idea that their manners are not of the best; natty negro wenches, pert of tongue and loose of demeanor; respectable colored "maumus," ample of girth, in spotless white aprons; strapping negro men and saucy bootblacks; merchants, lawyers and physicians; servant-girls and cooks, the *haute-volee* and the *demi-monde*, and both in their best attire; policemen and tramps; old women, men on crutches and babies in arms; black, white, brown and yellow—negroes, Americans, Mongolians, Irish, Dutch, French, Germans, Italians and Spanish—they are all there, laughing, talking, quarreling, gesticulating, bargaining, gossiping, staring, keeping appointments and making new ones, being proper or improper, polite or rude, as the case may be. And this goes on from four to nine in winter, from five to ten in summer. Every Saturday evening it is re-enacted; the people never tire, it seems, but congregate weekly, year in and year out, in an endless repetition of the same thing. It is a wonderful scene, a bustling moving picture of contrast and characters, and helps the traveler to better understand the prosperity of the State, which attracts one, and its rudenesses, which repel.—Lee C. Harby, in Harper's Magazine.

Couldn't Get Rid of Him.

"An Auburn man," says the Lewiston (Me.) Journal, "thinks just twice as much of dog intelligence now as he did a week ago. He owned a dog and had tired of him, and had agreed to transfer him to a friend who lives in the south part of the city. He took him in his arms, tied a rubber coat over his head and carried him down and delivered him. It was a long distance, and he had no idea that the dog would ever show up again about his own premises. That night on reaching home the dog lay on his accustomed place on the rug, while the Auburn man's wife wore a curious smile of amusement. The conundrum in the family is: How does a dog know the way home?"

A COMBINE.

She came here from the middle West,
And yet she had, be it confessed,
A Boston air around her;
A figure slight, a forehead high,
An earnest look, a clear gray eye;
And so for her I came to sigh,
And wise and charming found her.

But as to press my suit I came,
Full oft she smothered all my flame
By asking curious questions;
The wrongs of woman, the state and land,
What social changes Bacon planned,
She'd ask me to discuss offhand
And give her my suggestions.

Did I agree with Henry George?
Would seizin capital disgorge
The share that toil demanded?
How could the indigent be fed?
Should criminals be allowed to wed?
Did tariffs raise the price of bread?
She begged me to be candid.

And when the race at last had gained
The highest point to be attained
By growth or revolution,
What would the fast great victory be,
The final goal that men should see?
What did Utopia mean for me:
The end of evolution?

And as I heard I grew more more dazed,
Until at last my courage raised
To utter desperation;
"Utopia means for me," I said,
"The social contract when we wed.
We'll form a trust." She shook her head.
"Call it co-operation."
—Charles S. Grisens, in Overland Monthly.

IN AN AFRICAN DESERT.

Terrible Experience of a Deserted Explorer.

The colonial policy of Germany dates back only a few years, but the master hand which planned and executed the sudden acquisition of vast tracts in Africa and Australasia was busily preparing for years ahead. The astonishment of the colonial powers was complete at this unexpected stroke of a nation which did not own a square inch outside of its own frontiers, and which had always maintained that colonies were a source of weakness to the mother country. The time was well chosen. England was having a deal of trouble with the Zulus, Boers and the malcontents in Egypt, and France had her hands full with wars in Tonquin and Madagascar. These disturbances facilitated the dealings with the African tribes, and only when the German flag was waving over some of the most desirous tracts in Africa did the other powers realize how they had been forestalled.

Out of a party of twelve army officers which left Germany in 1880 to explore and navigate in Southern Africa only three reached home in 1884. Several were killed by wild animals and snake bites, others were murdered by hostile natives, others succumbed to the climate or perished in the desert. Of the three survivors the writer was one, though there were times when he despaired of seeing the sun rise again. Sometimes at the mercy of bloodthirsty, crazy chiefs, sometimes robbed and deserted by treacherous servants, sometimes accused as spies by English or Boers—death by violence, hunger or thirst lurked on every side, and escape seemed impossible.

Four of us had explored and mapped the west coast from Orange river to Walfisch bay by the end of September, 1882. Our labors completed, we were thinking of home, when we received orders to form two expeditions and start eastward. One party was to go by way of Lake Ngami, the other by Latakoo. We drew lots for choice of route, and, having won, Lieut. V. R—— and I chose the northern course. We took five Hottentots as drivers of our eighteen span of oxen, attached to a huge vaar, or wagon, three riding horses, and twenty head of cattle. We expected to load up with a good supply of ivory, skins and ostrich plumes, and we were not mistaken. At a cost of about $600 worth of cloth, knives, guns, beads, mirrors, etc., we possessed ourselves of about $11,000 worth of goods. We had to hurry forward, or else we could have augmented this by our rifles.

After surveying the country and convincing numerous tribes of the mighty power of Germany, we left the Okawango river in December and anticipated little trouble in reaching the Transvaal. We had hired four men of the Balala tribe before leaving Lake Ngami and were pushing ahead rapidly. My companion was a little too imperious and hot-tempered in his treatment of our servants. Bold and fearless and possessing great personal strength, he relied on his authority and word of command and used little diplomacy in his dealings with them. For some days they had been murmuring and one day they broke out into open revolt. Von R—— knocked two of them down and as they had no weapons they were soon brought into submission. We kept an eye on them for a few days and took turns at watching nights, but our threats of death to any grumbler seemed to have crushed them.

One night we were encamped on the western borders of the Kalahari Desert. Von R—— and I were both awakened from a sound sleep by hearing a gun fired. We jumped up and felt for our rifles—they had been removed! Just then one of the Balala fellows cried out in Dutch: "Get out of the *vaar* and run!" The others joined in and cried: "Hunt the brush, you dogs—get out!"

We sprang out of the wagon, and in the light of the camp-fire we saw that the rascally blacks had armed themselves with our rifles and revolvers and were aiming right at us. One of the Hottentots could speak a little English, and, unknown to the others, I tried to induce him to give me his rifle, promising him unheard of riches, and threatening a fearful revenge for this robbery if he did not forsake his comrades. He answered: "We shoot you—who know?" Lieutenant Von R—— was storming at the others in Dutch, but to no effect. Unarmed we could do nothing, and the rascals drove us out of the camp. We lay down in the sand about fifty yards away, and saw the robbers harness the draught oxen and start off northwards at early dawn. As far as they could see us they reviled us, and one big Balala fellow fired at us several times, but without doing any damage. We went back to the smoldering camp-fires and picked up some fragments of charred meat—remnants of our supper. In the heart of the desert without food, water or weapons, there seemed but little chance for our lives. We resolved to continue to travel eastward, and, as our only hope lay in making the best of our present strength, we started at once.

After a few miles we came upon a veldt of yellow limestone. For three hours or so we scrambled over huge bowlders, but the fearful heat of the sun was too much for us, and at noon we were forced to lie in the shade of some high rocks, exhausted and panting. We each had a hunting-knife—poor weapons if we came upon any beast of prey. After resting we pursued our way, sometimes crossing plains of hard-baked clay, and then again marching over tracts of limestone. At last we saw trees ahead, and as the sun was setting we came to a sandy plain where zame and mangaton melons grew in abundance. Parched and nearly delirious with heat, thirst and hunger, we tore up those godsends of the desert and ate our fill. Without those wonderful productions of nature, cool, sweet and juicy, we could hardly have lived another day.

That night we slept in a wide-spreading tree, and though the cries and roars of desert inhabitants echoed all around us, we slept soundly and well. Next day we loaded ourselves with melons and continued the march. We spoke but little—neither of us wanted to discourage the other by the utterance of his thoughts. Tired, footsore and hot, we reached at noon a low range of hills. At the foot we found some inchio bulbs, and feasted on them and some of our melons. About five o'clock that afternoon we were pushing our way over a rocky plain, dotted here and there with clay beds on which grew tufts of tall grasses and veldt thorn bushes. Passing around a thorn bush we both came to a sudden halt at the sight we saw. A great yellow lion lay outstretched on a rocky ledge—not twenty yards away. Before we could retreat he raised up with a threatening growl. We darted behind the thorn bush and drew our knives. The lion bounded round the bush and we faced him. We were not long in suspense. The great brute crouched and, with a fearful roar, he sprang right at me. I fell flat and he passed over me, but before I could rise his great claws struck my shoulder and held me helpless on the ground. I remember hearing a horrible growl of pain and rage, and then I became unconscious.

When I regained my senses I sat up and looked around. A few yards away the lion lay dead in a pool of blood. There was a cut in his body over a foot long. Lieutenant V. R—— lay by his side, his right hand still clutching the knife, but my brave comrade was dead. His head had been crushed by a stroke of the lion's paw and his chest crunched in the jaws of the mortally-wounded brute.

I dragged the body of my friend to a cleft in the rocks and spent an hour wedging bowlders in the rift and piling up a heap of huge stones to protect the remains from wild beasts and birds of prey. Already vultures were in sight soaring in great circles over the spot where the dead lion lay. When the sun went down I hacked a passage into a vot bush and stepped the way with a mass of the sharp, thorny branches. All night long jackals and hyenas snapped and snarled around the carcass of the dead monarch, and by morning they had stripped the flesh off the bones. When I crawled out of the protective shelter of the vot bush I made for a rolling tract of land which gave promise of water. The melons were scattered and smashed in the fight with the lion and I had eaten my last inchie bulb. All the forenoon I toiled forward without seeing a trace of zame or mangaton, and finding only the poisonous scilla and marbo bulbs.

No pen can express the torture of that day. In the afternoon I was wild with thirst. The rocks danced before my eyes and my brain was in a whirl, but I staggered on. A leopard bounded before my path, and, with a fierce, hoarse shout I rushed at it, longing to sink my teeth into its flesh and to suck its blood. It fled and I chased it, but a few leaps took it out of my sight. The memory of that day is burned into my mind.

Towards nightfall I gained the summit of a small hill, and, looking over a long stretch of sand and rock, I saw a sight that gave me a feeling of delight such as no words can describe. Three campfires were brightly burning about a mile away. I have no idea how I reached them, but when a German acquaintance stepped forward and led me to a seat I wept tears of grateful joy.

My rescuers, as I may call them, were a party of four German officers traveling westward, and when I had refreshed myself I told my tale. It was instantly decided to pursue the robbers and recover my vaar and contents. There were seven horses with the party and two officers and four trusty blacks set out with me early next morning. We carried only a small portion of dried meat, relying on the zame and melons for liquid refreshments. The trail was plain, and on the afternoon of the third day we reached the last campfire of my former servants. Pushing on we came in sight of the rascals as they were outspanning the cattle. Charging upon them, we captured the whole gang before they had time to organize any defense. Some of them fired a few shots, but none of us were hit. Disarming them we led them away from the camp and treated them according to the South African custom.

The damage to the property was but slight. They had finished the liquor and eaten all the private store of dainties, besides having killed and feasted upon eight of the cattle.

The westward party kindly gave me four men to drive the oxen, and one officer returned with me to the Transvaal, which we reached without further mishap.—Zu Befehl, in Detroit Free Press.

By Cable Up the Jungfrau.

French engineers are planning for an attack upon that hitherto virgin peak of the Alps, the Jungfrau. They propose to continue the present line of railroad from Interlaken to Lauterbrunnen as far as Stockelberg, at the foot of the Jungfrau, and thence to mount up by a succession of slanting cable roads, forming a zigzag, to a height of some twelve thousand feet, landing nearly at the summit of the mountain, where there will be a hotel for the excursionists who are expected to make the trip by thousands daily. There will have to be five steps to the great stair-case, and a separate railroad for each step, making five changes of cars necessary to reach the summit.

The Old Way Much Better.

"Rubbing alcohol on the lips to make them cherry-red is all very pretty for awhile," said a leading doctor recently, as a young lady passed him, "but the alcohol hardens the skin and soon leaves the girl with disfigured lips."

THE "SPOONEY" COUPLE.

It doesn't matter where you stray,
Go where you will by night or day,
Say Could a ever "mating boy;"
He doesn't waste a minute.
Between the daylight and the dark,
In railway trains, hotel and park,
There's not a spot but you can mark
A spooney couple in it.

At church or play, there, too, one spies
Some couple making honeyed eyes,
With sweetest smiles and softest sighs—
They're certain to begin it.
Until at length you gravely doubt
If you should search the world about
That you could find a spot without
A spooney couple in it.

And who would have it changed? Would you?
I love to hear the lovers coo
And in their softest lispings woo
Some gentle heart and win it.
In all of life there should not be,
From Eden to eternity,
A place without—it seems to me—
A spooney couple in it.
—Chicago Post.

A COUNTRY CIRCUS.

Why Alice Was so Very Proud of Leander.

"Cut, cut, ca-*daw* cut! Cut, *cut!*"

Thus caroling her way, the speckled hen flapped wildly around among Miss Terebinth Rockwell's dahlias and carnations, with that fair maiden following close in pursuit, her checked sun-bonnet waved above her head like an ensign of war. Leander stood and watched the pursuit, with the cool, impartial smile of a disinterested spectator, until the speckled fugitive bethought herself to dart headlong into the sunny angle of the stone wall, where the scarlet spheres of ripening tomatoes basked on a rude wooden frame. At the supreme second, he swooped noiselessly down from his unseen vantage point, and seized Old Speckle by her fluttering wings.

"Here's your fowl, Terebinth," said he.

"Well, I declare!" said Miss Terebinth, according a reluctant admiration to the deftness of the capture. "And I've been chasin' the creature this ten minutes! I'm goin' to have a *fricassee* for dinner."

"Company coming?"

"I mean to ask Elder Atkinson and his wife."

"Don't ask 'em," said Leander. "Put it off till some other time, Terebinth."

"For goodness' sake! why?"

Leander drew three square of yellow pasteboard from his pocket.

"Look," said he, "I've got tickets for the circus to-night—for you and me and Ally Ames."

Miss Terebinth's careworn visage brightened up. To these simple country-folk, the annual visitation of the circus signified opera, theater, polo, and athletic games all in one.

"Good!" cried she, releasing the struggling hen. "Then I'll let Old Speckle go this time. But, Leander, have you asked Alice?"

"I'm going there now."

"Are you sure she'll go?"

"Of course; why shouldn't she?"

Terebinth hesitated as she tied the sun-bonnet strings under her chin.

"Perhaps that young English tourist that boards at the hotel—Captain Cassell they call him, don't they?"

Leander's handsome, sun-burned visage darkened.

"What of him?" said he, sharply.

"*He* may have asked her. Don't be vexed, Leander, "she added, pleadingly. "Folks do say she's dreadful took up with him, and I don't know's I wonder so much arter I heard him talk, t'other night, to Mary Bailey's Chinese party. He's travelled most everywhere; and if you could hear him describe the tigers he killed in Ceylon and the elephants he's hunted on the Niger river—"

"Oh, hang the tigers and the elephants!" impatiently broke in Leander. "I don't believe a word of it. I dare say he's all very well; but for my part, I haven't much opinion of a fellow that loafs around a hotel piazza in hay-making time, doing nothing, with a white scarf on his hat, and a sash for all the world like a girl's tied around his waist!"

"It's the fashion," said Terebinth.

"A queer fashion, I think," commented Leander.

"He's a very brave man—a regular hero," went on Terebinth. "He served in her Majesty's White-Heeled Horse once, during a London riot, and—"

"And did wonders, I don't doubt," interrupted Leander. "But I don't see what all this has to do with us and Calumet's circus."

He took up his hat from the grass where it had been reposing among butter-cups and white clover blossoms all this time, and started off at a brisk walk. Terebinth looked dolefully after him.

"Poor Leander," said she, half aloud, "I'm afraid he's goin' to be badly disappointed."

Alice Ames was sitting on the porch, under the green, shifting shadows of the hop-vines, shelling Lima beans to dry, as Leander Rockwell's fine, tall figure came swinging up the path. He was very handsome, thought the girl, but he lacked the ease and polish of the dapper little Captain of "her Majesty's White-Heeled Horse." His clothes bore evidence of country cut—his boots were powdered with dust, and his face was bronzed with August heats.

"How do you do, Ally?" said he; and Alice, remembering the deferential manner with which the Captain always addressed her as "Miss Ames," answered, with a toss of the head:

"I'm pretty well, I thank you!"

"I've been gettin' some tickets for the circus to-night, Ally," said he, plunging *con amore* into his subject. "Will you go with me?"

"Thank you! ever so much," said she, stooping for a fresh handful of the velvety, green pods, "but I've promised Captain Cassell to go with *him!*"

"Humph!" observed Leander, "so I'm too late?"

"Yes, a little too late."

"Is it to be always so, Ally?"

"I don't know what you mean, Leander."

"You used to care for me a little, before this boasting captain-of-horse came here."

"I like you well enough, now, Leander."

"Well enough to marry me?"

"I don't think you're justified in asking me any such questions," said Alice, jumping up and retreating hurriedly into the house.

"I understand," remarked Leander, grimly. "I don't stand any chance alongside of the tiger-hunting hero. It's a pity we haven't a few wild beasts in these woods to kill. The captain must miss his occupation. Well, good afternoon, Ally. Terebinth and I will have to go to the circus by ourselves, I suppose."

The mammoth tent on Durkill Common was crowded that night. Calumet's circus was a local celebrity and had been widely advertised. The rural population had not many opportunities of enjoyment, and did not propose to let this one go by default. Every one was there, from Elder Atkinson and his wife down to little Michael Ryan, the cobbler, and his pinched-looking better-half. Captain Cassell and pretty Alice Ames occupied a conspicuous front seat, and a few rows farther back sat Leander Rockwell, with Miss Terebinth and her friend, Hannah Binns, beside her, a plain little seamstress body, who had been asked at the eleventh hour; "sooner than waste the ticket," thrifty Miss Terebinth had said. One by one, the "Unparalleled Attractions" had been put forward: the time-worn clown, the spangled columbine, the trained elephants, the bicycle-riders and the swarthy snake-charmer with the gold crescents dangling from his ears and the great glittering stage-diamond in the front of his turban.

"Oh, isn't it wonderful!" cried Alice Ames.

"Pretty fair—pretty fair," answered Captain Cassell, tapping the ivory knob of his cane against his teeth. "But those rattlesnakes don't compare in size to a *cobra capello* I once killed in our tent at Dungapore, when—"

And the rounds of applause drowned the end of his sentence.

"Ah! a tiger-taming act!" said the captain, consulting his programme. "'The Marvelous Signor Mahmelli and his pupil, Rajah!' Call *that* a Bengal tiger, do they? I wish you could have seen that fellow I shot that last summer in the jungles at Hoodah. My sister has his skin on her drawing-room floor now, made into a rug. It had killed four men and a sacred ox, and the natives called him 'The Scourge of the Shore.' O, yes, I don't deny the fellow handles him very neatly, but—"

At that second, just when the "beast of the tropics" was drowsily going through with his list of his accomplishments, the lash of his keeper struck a trifle sharper than usual, or some other unseen cause ignited the powder magazine of the animal's slumbering savagery. With a ferocious roar he sprang forward, felling the keeper with a single blow of his paw, and leaped toward the row of footlights, whose fitful flicker seemed to irritate him as a red rag enrages a bull.

There was a shriek, a rush, a moment or two of wild confusion. Ally Ames uttered a scream. Captain Cassell had turned as pale as a tallow candle.

"We'd better get out of this," said he hoarsely. "Quick! quick!"

But Alice, paralyzed by fear, sat as still as death.

"I—I *can't* move!" she gasped. "I think I'm going to faint."

The captain hesitated a second, and finally decided matters by taking to his heels, with the rest of the flying crowd. Alice shut her eyes with a chill shudder; she could not see the tawny death spring upon her; but in a moment she opened them again at the sound of a triumphant shout that went up around her.

Leander Rockwell was in the arena lately occupied by the vanished band, struggling with the savage monster. She could see his set teeth, the veins standing out on his forehead, the red fire in his eyes, and she knew that it was for life or death.

* * * * * * *

"After all," said the minister, "these circuses are sinful risks to human life. I never shall see my way clear to attending one again. Suppose that brave young fellow had been killed before our face and eyes, in the noble effort he made to save our lives."

"Golly, though, pa, wasn't it grand?" said John Henry, the good man's oldest hope. "'Most equal to a Spanish bull-fight. Everybody knows that Lee Rockwell's the strongest fellow in Durkill Four Corners, but the old tiger'd got the best of him if it hadn't been for that lick Lee gave him over the head with the sharp edge of the cornet that the music-men had dropped when they got under the stage, like lightning. It was as good as a Damascus scimeter, Lee says; and, once stunned, it was easy enough for the property-men to kill him. It'll be an awful loss to the circus folks, though!" reflectively added John Henry. "There ain't many tigers of that size in the traveling ring in this country."

"But wasn't it funny, husband," said the minister's wife, "about Captain Cassell's being found hiding under the manger in the trained ponies' stalls, with the door tightly locked. A man who, according to his own account, has killed scores of leopards and half a dozen elephants in India, and is afraid of nothing. I'm told that the engagement between him and Alice Ames is off, and that she is spending a week with Terebinth Rockwell. The fright and the danger together have made poor Terebinth quite ill."

But if the minister's wife had only known it, Terebinth was a great deal better, now, and she and Ally were busy making a gown of white surah silk, with a great deal of soft lace and ribbon bows about it.

"Because," said Ally, laughing, "Leander says he *won't* wait—and a man who can conquer a tiger oughtn't to be contradicted by a woman."

"You *really* love me, then?" said Leander.

"I *really* love you," repeated Alice. "And oh, Leander! I am so very, *very* proud of you!"—Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

Aiming by Electric Light.

Some interesting experiments have been made in Toulon to ascertain the accuracy of aim when the electric light is

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - SEPT. 5, 1890.

Democratic State Ticket.

For Governor,
ROBERT E. PATTISON, of Philadelphia.
For Lieutenant Governor,
CHAUNCEY F. BLACK, of York.
For Secretary of Internal Affairs,
WILLIAM H. BARCLAY, of Allegheny.

Democratic County Ticket.

For Congress,
THOMAS H. GREEVY,
Subject to the decision of Democratic conference.
For Assembly,
M. FITZHARRIS, of Gallitzin.
ED. T. McNEELIS, of Johnstown.
For Treasurer,
CHARLES J. MAYER, of Johnstown.
For Commissioners,
PATRICK E. DILLON, of Elder Twp.
JOHN KIRBY, of Johnstown.
For Auditors,
WILLIAM C. BERRY, of Wilmore.
JOSEPH HIPPS, of Chest Twp.
For Poor House Director,
S. W. MILLER, of Johnstown.

THE election in Vermont, on Tuesday last went Republican as usual, but the majority is much smaller than in former years.

THE Pottsville *Republican*, a Republican newspaper, estimates that 3,000 Republicans in Schuylkill county will vote for Pattison, the most of them farmers and miners.

PRINCESS VICTORIA, sister of the Emperor William, and who is shortly to be wedded to the Prince of Schamburg-Lippe, has just been given a dowry by the Prussian Government of £50,000 cash and an annuity of £5,000.

BEAR in mind that the last day for paying poll tax is on October 4. Every citizen, not a real estate owner, over twenty-two years of age, must have paid such tax within two years preceeding the election in order to be a qualified voter.

THE Ohio Democracy compliment Secretary Blaine's statesmanship by inserting in their platform his declaration concerning the McKinley bill that "there is not a section or line in it that opens a market for a bushel of wheat or another barrel of pork."

AN effort is being made to re-people the abandoned farm lands of New Hampshire, but as yet it has met with little success. Probably some ardent protectionist can explain why the farmers of that Republican State which is not very far from the custom house, are not prosperous.

AT the election held in Arkansas on Monday the whole Democratic ticket was elected by largely increased majorities. In the entire State there was not as much violence during election day as was witnessed in the Halls of Congress between Republican members on Wednesday of last week.

THE McKinley bill is a bill to make the American people pay 50 cent more for their goods manufactured in America, that is charged by the same manufacturers to the European paupers. Charity ought to begin at home, but under the beautiful theory of protection, charity begins at the other end.

A NUMBER of bogus trade silver dollars have been found in the United States Sub-Treasury at Philadelphia, which appears to have been taken in by professional experts. About eighteen months ago 263 counterfeit coins were found among ten million dollars in silver then sent on to Washington.

BENJAMIN C. POTTS, a large woolen manufacturer of Delaware county, has challenged Senator Robinson, now candidate for Congress, to a joint discussion of the tariff in Media. He proposes to show that the Mills tariff bill gives better protection to labor than either the present tariff or the McKinley bill. Robinson will doubtless accept.

SALVATOR is now the king of running horses. On Thursday of last week at Monmouth Park, New Jersey, he run a mile in one minute, thirty-five and one half seconds. This is the best time ever recorded. Until Thursday last the best time ever made, was one minute, thirty-nine and one-fourth seconds. It is wonderful to think of a horse flying over the ground at the rate of a fast express train.

THIS has been the largest export year in the history of the United States. The vast increase in our product's was due to cattle, sheep, hogs, breadstuffs and dairy products. According to this American farmers ought to be prosperous and they would be if it were not for the contributions forced from them by the iniquitous tariff that compels them to assist millionaire manufacturers in piling up vast sums of wealth.

GEN. HAZEN, has been investigating the number of destructive tornadoes since 1872. He finds there have been fifty seven such in different parts of the Union up to March 27, 1890. The tornadoes occured in twenty different States, and killed or injured 2,796 persons and destroyed $12,470,000 worth of property. Illinois and Missouri had the greatest number of these visitations, and the States of the Atlantic coast as rule the fewest.

AT the meeting of the Republican county committee for McKean county, on Wednesday, at Bradford, J. C. Smith and Harold Day, two of the most active members gave public notice that they would not support Delamater for Governor. It is expected that other prominent McKean county Republicans will follow their lead and declare against Delamater as a revolt against Quayism has long been threatened and is sure to come in that county.

A WASHITGTON dispatch says: The introduction of the Edmunds resolution in the Senate does not indicate the possible time of the adjournment of Congress. It will not be possible for the House and Senate to clear up work by Sept. 19 and probably not by Oct. 1. Speaker Reed is quoted as saying that an aojournment will probably be had Oct. 8. The President, it is known, does not expect Congress will get away before the middle of October. It is this belief that has made it seem wise to him to join his family in the mountains to get a little rest before the trying experience of the last days of the session. In addition to the debate in the House and the serious differences to be adjusted in conference on the tariff question, there is the contest over the bill to relieve the federal courts which is before the Senate, and over the backruptcy bill, which seems likely to pass, and over the lard bill, for which the Senate will doubtless substitute the pure food bill for some other measure. Congress can hardly get away before the 1st of October.

AN attempt which, it is thought, will be successful, was made on Tuesday to enter the Hill Farm mine at Dunbar, Pa. A fan 15 feet in diameter was placed at the entrance of the manway and started at the rate of 48 revolutions per minute. This gave a very strong current and in a few hours drove the black damp away, so that an exploring party was able to enter 1,700 feet. They found no fire, but the indications are that the fire was strong at the time of the disaster. Charred coal and coke covers the track to a depth of nearly two feet, while the sides and top hang full of charred coal and ashes. No fire whatever has been in the manway. The work will be continued unnil the whole mine has been cleared and the bodies of the ill-fated miners have been found. As it is not expected to find them short of 4,000 feet, it will be several days before any news will be had from them.

WITH Secretary Blaine calling for reciprocity with South America and Senator Sherman demanding the abolition of the tariff duties between the United States and Canada, the apostles of protection says the Harrisburg *Patriot* must indeed be in a state of alarm. If they have foresight at all it is not difficult for them to see that the day is not far distant when there will be no such thing a tariff wall.

The tariff reformers certainly have reason to congratulate themselves on the marvelous strides made by their cause during the past few years. The great mass of the people, too, ought to be gratified beyond measure, for it is they who will be benefited when the trade restrictions shall have been routed.

THE Democrats of Indiana in convention assembled, declare that the electoral vote of that State "was obtained for Harrison and Morton by the most flagrant crimes against the ballot-box ever perpetrated in an American commonwealth; that these crimes were committed under the direct auspices of William Wade Dudley, then and now treasurer of the national Republican committee, and buy the procurement and connivance of Republican leaders in this State and nation." Plain talk this but every word of this is true. Dudley should either resign his position or compel his accusers to prove their charges. He will do neither, however. He, too, believes in "dignified silence."

CONGRESSMAN KENNEDY a Republican Congressman from Ohio, on Wednesday, in the course of a speech delivered in the House, made the following remarks concerning the leadership of Senator Quay; "The Republican party cannot afford to follow the lead of a branded criminal. He has failed to justify himself, and, through opportunity and ample time have been given him, he has remained silent. His silence under such circumstances is the confession of guilt. An honorable man does not long dally when his honor is assailed. He has delayed too long to justify the belief in his innocence, and he stands a convicted criminal before the bar of public opinion."

THE post office department of the Government will cost $71,850,982 for the curent year. That is five and a quarter millions more than the cost of last year and the largest sum by far this department has ever cost in a single year. The salaries of the 50,000 postmasters alone call for $14,000,000; railroad service contributes the largest item of all, $21,106,275; clerk hire is estimated at $7,200,000 which is a million more than it cost last year. While the aggregate sum is far larger than ever before, it is wholly due to the growth of the country and the rapid expansion of trade.

THE United States silver law has echoed around the world already. Long before the month would expire when it would become law millions of ounces of silver were bought here by England and shipped across the water. England did this to have a supply on hand before the price went up in the market. She wanted the silver to send to India, to pay for wheat and cotton. Next the movement struck China and raised the price of tea, all payments for tea being made in silver. Thus, starting from western United States, the silver wave went around the globe and came home again.

CANDIDATE DELAMATER is doing some tall hustling for a candidate that is not seriously alarmed. He is attending every fair and public gathering in the State that he can possibly reach, and doing his best to stem the tide that is setting in against him. He evidently has little faith in the boasted majority of 80,000.

AFTER a week of hard fighting the compound lard bill was passed by the House on Thursday of last week. The vote upon its final passage was 126 to 31. The bill imposed a tax of two mills on compound lard.

The Battle in Pennsylvania.

The advent of autumn brings us face to face with the great political conflict in Pennsylvania. It will be one of the most earnest and probably desperate contests of our political history, and it is exceptional in the exhibition of individuality among all classes of voters. Old methods, which are summed up in leaders and folowers, will be valueless in the Pennsylvania battle of 1890. In the struggle for Governor, other important State offices, Congressmen, Legislators and United States Senators, there will be more individual study among the varied industrial classes of the State of the issues involved, and more independent voting than in any campaign of the past. What will the harvest be?

To-day Senator Delamater would be defeated by Ex Governor Pattison not less than 50,000. Thus far in the contest the popular ides have been unmistakably against Delamater, and the cause must be apparent to all who soberly view the situation. It is not merely a cyclone against Quayism; it is not in any measure a want of personal respect for Delamater. The tides which are clearly visible to-day have many sources of Republican discontent, and they make an aggregate of revolting elements that would sweep Pattison into the Gubernatorial chair by a square majority much larger than his plurality of 1882.

The causes which make Pennsylvania overwhelmingly against Delamater to-day are not chiefly local. While his Senatorial record is unsavory to the now aroused farming, mining and industrial interests generally, the demoralization under the violent policy of the party leaders in Congress, and the prostitution of protection to wanton, wicked taxes on labor to gratify banded greed, have broken the hitherto impregnable labor lines of the organization and there is revolution in the air.

To-day, on a poll of 200,000 in Philadelphia Delamater would be fortunate if he received 105,000 to 95,000 for Pattison, where Harrison received 21,634 majority: and in the four counties immediately surrounding the city—Bucks, Montgomery, Chester and Delaware—where Harrison received 8,578 majority, it is doubtful whether Delamatner could obtain any majority, while a majority against him is more than possible. For the first time in many years, Berks would to-day overbalance Lancaster, and Lebanon, the Republican star that has never faded, would not give him half its 2,560 majority. In the coal regions east of the Alleghenies, both bituminous and anthracite, the revolt against Delamater is unprecedented. When J. B. Rea, President of the United Mine Workers of America, and Hugh McGarvey, chairman of the legislative committee of the Knights of Labor—both Republicans in sympathy—publicly declare the reasons why the Republican miners will vote for Pattison, they point unerringly to revolution. This revolt not only strikes the Democratic anthracite region and the Clearfield bituminous section, but it unsettles the Republican counties of Blair and Huntingdon and many Republican counties in the Pittsburg coal fields.

Allegheny, that gave Harrison 20,408 majority, is unmistakably in the throes of revolution. Of the six leading Republican journals in Pittsburg, five—the *Dispatch*, the *Telegraph*, the *Times*, the *Press* and the *Leader*—refuse to support Delamater. Any one of these five Republicans papers is much more widely read than the *Commercial Gazette*, the single organ that is battling against such fearful odds for Delamater; and there can be only one deduction from this exceptional revolt of party organs—that Republican sentiment not only excuses but demands this wholesale rebellion. It means that Allegheny, the Republican Gibraltar of the West, trembles in the balance and must be classed among the doubtful counties to-day.

In the Northwest, Delamater's own section of the State, the rebellion is as sweeping as elsewhere. Erie with her 2,261 for Harrison, would to-day vote for Pattison. So would Crawford, Delamater's own county with her 2,086 majority of 1888; so would Warren with her 1,689 majority; so would Venango with her 879 majority; so would McKean with her 1,044 majority. It is in this region that the farmers have most vigorously asserted themselves, and they will elect Tilden, the fusion Farmers Alliance and Democratic candidate for Congress in the Erie district. In the counties connecting the Northwest with Allegheny, Butler, with her 1-372 Harrison majority, would vote for Pattison by half as much or more to-day, and the general unrest of Mercer, Lawrence, Beaver and Washington is intensified by the auctioned Congressional nomination in the Beaver district. In the Northern Republican tier, Susquhanna, with her 1,691 Harrison majority, is now claimed by both sides, and Bradford, Tioga and Potter would be certain to split their large Republican majorities in two in their present situation, while the Democratic counties of the Northeast, and their large agricultural industry, would now give unprecedented majorities for Pattison.

Such is the political outlook on this the opening day of the great battle of 1890. The majority to be overcome is not 80,000, as many inconsiderately assume. None pretead that a fairly contested election in Peansylvania can give the Republicans over 40,000 majority, and the present hopeful condition of the Democrats assures not only the full vote of that party, but it assures a solid vote for its State ticket. There are yet two months for political tides and ebbs, and they will be two months of exhaustive effort on both sides. Can Delamater turn the adverse tides in his favor? or are they like the tides of the Pontic sea that know no ebb? With a new and exceptionally potential Independent Republican movement soon to assail Delamater in the rear; with a full Republican State Committee organized to support Pattison; with the industrial voters of shop of field, of forest and of mine in organized hostility; with a demoralized party majority in Congress, widening and deepening distrust in and contempt for Republican policy and authority, and with Congress certain to continue its disturbing and often disgraceful labors for a month, whence can come the revulsion that could make Delamater a hopeful candidate for Governor?—*Phila. Times.*

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse, he told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found her self benefited from the first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles, found herself sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto. Large bottles 50c. and $1.00.

Caused by Drink.

PHILADELPHIA Sept. 3.—Mrs. Sarah McIntyre, Mamie McIntyre, aged 10 years, and Miss Agness Rodgers, aged 17 years, daughter and adopted daughter of the former, were burned to death at their home here this morning in a fire started by the upsetting of a lamp by Charles McIntyre, a son of Mrs. McIntyre, who came home drunk at an early hour this morning. He has been arrested.

Queer Points on Steamships.

There are some queer things about the American interests in steamships lines which afford subjects for explanation if any one can give them. It is the settled policy of American legislation that vessels sailing under the American flag must be built in the United States. This is on the basis of protection; but two points have lately become prominent which do not accord fully with that theory.

The recent races against time of the fast ocean steamers between this country and Europe, have called attention to the fact that one at least of the great transatlantic lines is owned and operated by American capitalists, who are sailing English-built steamers, under the English flag, and with charters that bind them to place their vessels at the disposal of the English Government if it is engaged in war. The incongruity of this fact with the protective policy is heightened by the fact that a large share of the ownership of these nominally English vessels is held by Pennsylvania capitalists, who are prominent in the support of the protective policy, in other respects.

An even more striking incongruity is reported from the Pacific coast. It was supposed that the requirement of our laws already referred to applied to the whole country. Yet we have before us an article from the San Francisco *Chronicle* disclosing the fact that the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, a corporation of the United States, has had its fast steamer, the China, built in England, and is sailing that English-built vessel in the Pacific trade. This is brought out by the fact that in actual operation the English vessel yields less satisfactory results than the American ships. But it cannot fail to provoke the inquiry how it comes that the Pacific Mail Steamship Company can buy and operate English-built steamers when that privilege is denied to all the rest of the country.

Whether navigation laws which set American capital to sailing vessels under the English flag can be deemed successful in developing the American marine is very doubtful; but there is no room for doubt that as long as we have such lawe they should apply to all American citizens alike.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A Paying Investment.

The Harrison family proved a drawing card at the Pennsylvania Railroad's charming mountain resort, Cresson Springs, Sunday and yesterday, (Monday) and the indications are that the expense which the enterprising and intelligent officers of the company have gone to in order to secure them has been wisely invested.

It no doubt cost the company a good deal of money to fit up a cottage for the Harrison family and convey the members of the Presidental household to it. But their presence has stimulated the excursion business, and even at the heel of the season the cars were crowded and excursion trains numerous to the point at which Grandfather Scott, Baby McKee and the other male and female dignitaries are on view.

Butherford B. Hayes made an exhibition of himself at the county fairs during the period of his fraudulent occupancy of the White House, but no President has ever shown such thrift as the present Chief Executivie. The Cape may Point cottage wasn't marked to this autumn capital enterprise, but then the Cape May Land Company "isn't in it" with the Pennsylvania Railroad.—*Phila. Herald.*

She will Leave the Lepers.

San Francisco, Sept. 1—There is a probability that Sister Rose Gertrude, the young English nurse who created such a sensation last year by volunteering to go to the Molokai leper station, will leave the leper receiving station in Honolulu, where she has spent several months. The place is independent of missionaries, and they are stirring factions against her.

The board of health recently appointed a leper as manager, and he has disgusted Sister Rose Gertrude by his harsh treatmeot of patients and his constant interrupting of her plans. Sister Gertrude says several well defined cases of leprosy have been cured recently.

Dr. Lutz, the governor physician, when asked about these cures, said it was a fact, and his experience gave him hope that the disease could be checked. He did not think it was nearly so contagious as reported, and while he did not wish to say any particular treatment was efficacious in all cases, still he had made cures that showed that the disease was not beyond the reach of medical treatment.

Trying to buy Emery.

The story is already afloat that in consideration of receiving the Republican congressional nomination in the Venango Warren districts, in place of Representative Watson, deceased, Mr. Lewis Emery is trying to make his peace with Boss Quay and will drop the charges against Delamater. Those who put forth this idea seem to rate Mr. Emery as belonging to the Quay-Delamater type; but others who know him better declare he is not that kind of a man. It is further stated Mr. Emery will make his rejoinder to Delamater's denial of charges against him at a Republican meeting to be held at Bradford. This is much more probable than the ridiculous statement, for effect, that he is likely to be hooked by the bait of an uncertain congressional nomination.—*Pittsburg Post.*

The Power of Public Opinion.

The Hon. Henry Hitchcock, the President of the American Bar Association, at its recent meeting in Saratoga, put into a few forcible words all that need to be said on this subject if only they be weighed properly. They are as follows:

"Beneath all these laws and constitutions" * * lies public opinion; elusive; subtle, all-pervading, like the mysterious forces of nature, and like them tremendous for good or evil. That it shall be not only untrammelled, but sound and pure, and alike unawed by the voice of one tyrant or of many is the condition upon which, perhaps, more than upon any other, the well-being of the nation rests."

Public opinion is slow to exert its tremendous power; but it is overwhelming when it does act. Because it does so act it is the hope of the nation. Not tyrants only, but evil doers, who outrage the public by misusing the power committed to them, are sure sooner or later to feel this power.

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for him than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W Gardner hardware merchant, same town, says: Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c. a bottle at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

THE New York Board of Aldermen declare by resolution that the census count of that city is deficient by at least 200,000 persons, and a recount is asked for.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Cranberry picking has become so much an established industry among the Cape Cod children that there will be no school session during the cranberry season

—Frank P. Kline, for 25 years a bookkeeper for J. W. McKelvey, at Bloomsburg, Pa., committed suicide there Wednesday by throwing himself under a passenger train. Sickness was the cause.

—The latest addition to the world of newspapers is entirely in Latin, adevrtisements and all, and its object is to prove that Latin should again become what it was in the middle ages, the universal language.

—Frederick G. Duerr was arrested on Friday at Freedom for bribery in connection with the nomination of Major McDowell for Congress in the Twenty-fifth District. He was released on $1,000 bail.

—The excessive rains, resulting in serious floods, have converted the Austro-Swiss frontier into a series of lakes. Hundreds of houses are isolated by the floods and immense damage has been done to crops and property of various kinds.

—Abner Dorsett, a negro living in Hickory Mountain township, North Carolina, has the largest head of any person in the United States so far as heard from. It is 32 inches in diameter, and gives Abner a decided "top heavy" appearance.

—At East Union, Ohio, a heavy rain fell on Wednesday, and several houses in Duck Creek were washed away. One bridge struck a dwelling house and Rev. W. Archer, Dias Kirkbridge, his wife and child, Mrs. Belle Dach and David Moore's child were drowned.

—An Englishman named Padman, who recently returned from America to London, has surrendered himself to the police, and confessed that he killed a man named Strickland, at Tonawanda, N. Y., last April and was afterward confined in an asylum at Buffalo.

—Miles Ogle, the notorious counterfeiter, was arrested on Monday night at Cincinnati by detective Lonnello, of the United States Secret Service, and lodged in the county jail. Sixteen hundred dollars and a self-acting revolver were found on his person, but no counterfeit money.

—Miss Minerva Parker, Philadelphia's only woman architect, has received a fitting recognition of her ability in being selected to design the Queen Isabella Pavillion for the World's Fair in Chicago. Miss Parker is only twenty-two years old, and is a graduate of several noted art schools.

—They have a queer little 10-year-old girl in Philadelphia who is normal in everything else, but ever since she was a baby in her cradle, when her mother first took her in charge, she never could go to sleep unless the soles of her feet were tickled, and up till this day she is a victim of the habit.

—James Groves, 18 years old, a plumber's apprentice, while at work on a new building in New York City, undertook to slide down a hoisting rope. He fell four stories to the ground, striking on a two-inch plank, which he broke. As far as known he received no injuries except a slight cut on the forehead.

—The legend as to the origin of woman is different with various nations. Not more than four nations accept the legend that she was made from a man's rib. The Japanese believe that she grew on a tree, the Laplanders that she was once a rabbit, the Persians that she fell from the heavens, and the Australians that she was first a toadstool.

—A shocking accident occurred at Camden N. J., on Saturday evening. Mrs. John Weaver sent her 9-months-old baby out in a baby carriage with a small boy. The boy allowed the carriage to run off the sidewalk under a wagon. The horses became frightened, kicked the carriage to pieces and trampled the baby's brains out. Mrs. Weaver witnessed the accident and went insane.

—Seven locomotives and a coke train were wrecked on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Thirty-third street, Pittsburg, at 5 o'clock on Friday morning. No one was injured. Three passenger locomotives were lying on the track waiting to be run to the Union Station. Below them were standing three freight engines. All were more or less demolished. Trains were delayed two hours. A misplaced switch was the cause.

—Mrs. J. R. McKenzie, a respected lady of Duke Center McKean county, Pa., committed suicide on Friday. She was forty years old. One of her daughters is a Bradford cyprian, who has caused Mrs. McKenzie much trouble. The girl went to Duke Center on Friday to attend a G. A. R. celebration and her mother saw her. A feeling of intense shame over her daughter's conduct prompted her to end her life, which she did by cutting her throat with a razor. She nearly severed the head from the body.

—On Friday evening a colored man named Joe Solomon, employed in the Wheeling Terminal Railway tunnel, now in course of construction at Wheeling, W. Va., stepped on the wire which is used in supplying the arc electric lights in the tunnel headings, and was instantly killed. An Italian, who is known only by his contract number, stepped on the same wire just as Solomon fell, and was also instantly killed. Two other men were badly shocked in drawing the corpses from the wire. Both men wore thick-soled leather boots, and neither body was mangled or burned in any way.

—At Chambersburg Saturday night a traveling acrobat named Bond attempted to give a tight rope performance. One end of the rope was fastened to a tree and the other to a pole placed on the ground. Bond was so drunk he could scarcely go through his performance, and as he was about concluding it the pole fell and struck a little girl in the crown named Nannie Elger, crushing her skull and breaking both her legs, from which injuries she died in a few hours. Bond was arrested and a coroner's jury is investigating the case. The victim was 11 years of age.

—Miss Rose Peipher, one of the victims of the Mt. Penn Gravity Railroad disaster, was buried at Reading Thursday. Miss Peipher was to have been married soon, and had already procured her trousseau. She was accordingly buried in her bridal dress, consisting of a white satin gown with creme facings and a long white veil reaching nearly to her feet. On her finger was her engagement ring and at her throat a rosebud. There was a profusion of floral tributes from her many friedds in Reading and elsewhere. The services were conducted by Rev. Henry Mosser, in whose church the deceased was a prominent worker.

—A dispatch from Charleston, W. Va., says: The Scotch Iron & Railroad Company, backed by ample British capital, has purchased for immediate development over a quarter of a million acres of the finest timber and mineral land in West Virginia, lying in Wyoming and McDowell counties, and will proceed at once to develop it. A company has already been corporated under the laws of that State to construct a railroad from Charleston to a point in the valley to connect with the Norfolk & Western Railroad, and construct railroads which will penetrate the lands of that county. This will open up a large area of undeveloped land in that State and bring to market some of its finest coal and timber.

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It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity it costs less than a tenth of a cent a day. Strictly a medicine. Prevents and cures all diseases. Good for young chicks. Worth more than gold when hens Moult. "One large can saved me $40, and six for $5 to prevent roup," says a customer. If you can't get it send us 50 cents for two packs; five $1. Large can (300 doses) by express, $2.50, express paid. "THE BEST POULTRY PAPER," sample copy free. Poultry Raising Guide free with $1 orders or more. L. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass. au22-90tp-ar

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THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidney and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, etc., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ACID PHOSPHATE OR DISSOLVED S. C. ROCK

This Article is not a complete Manure—it is valuable for its Soluble Phosphoric Acid only and contains no Ammonia. It is often called "Soluble Bone," "Mineral Bone," "Fossil Bone," etc.

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which is made by a New Process, exclusively our own, enabling us to offer the former an Ammoniated Soluble Super Phosphate, at a very Low Price.

Send orders early to your dealers to insure supply

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Baugh's $25 Phosphate,

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IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you,

SCROFULA AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh,

CATARRH AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

ULCEROUS SORES "Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882. "At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore. Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

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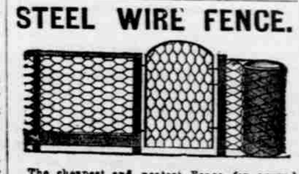

The cheapest and neatest Fence for around Lawns, School Lots, Poultry Yards, Gardens, Farms, etc. Also manufacturers of Light and Heavy Iron Fencing, Crestings, Stable Fittings, Fire Shutters, Fire Escapes of different designs, and all kinds of IRON AND WIRE WORK.

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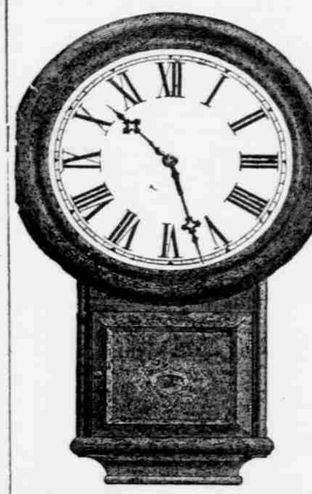

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Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.

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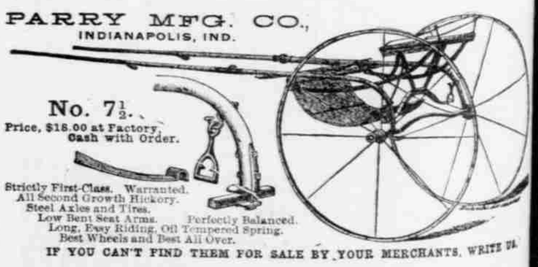

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Price, $18.00 at Factory. Cash with Order.

Strictly First-Class. Warranted. All Second Growth Hickory. Steel Axles and Tires. Low Bent Seat Arms. Perfectly Balanced. Long, Easy Riding, Oil Tempered Spring. Best Wheels and Best All Over.

IF YOU CAN'T FIND THEM FOR SALE BY YOUR MERCHANTS, WRITE US.

WELL BRED SOON WED.

Girls who use SAPOLIO are QUICKLY MARRIED

SAPOLIO is one of the best known city luxuries and each time a cake is used an hour is saved. On floors, tables and painted work it acts like a charm. For scouring pots, pans and metals it has no equal. If your store-keeper does not keep it you should insist upon his doing so, as it always gives satisfaction and its immense sale all over the United States makes it an almost necessary article to any well supplied store. Everything shines after its use, and even the children delight in using it in their attempts to help around the house.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - SEPT. 5, 1890.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Labor Day was not observed in Ebensburg.

—New dress goods and silks received at Gable & Co.'s, Altoona.

—Prothonotary B. McColgan, of Wilmore, was in town on Thursday.

—Mr. Henry O'Neill, of Pittsburg, spent a few days in town this week.

—Over 100 county fairs will be held this week, of which eighty are in this State.

—Persons in need of job work should give us a trial. Prices always the lowest.

—Mr. John Kane, of Saylor station, had his cows killed by the cars on Saturday last.

—A new three-seated platform spring wagon for sale cheap at Dufton's Hardware store.

—There was a slight frost here on Monday morning, but no damage of any account was done.

—Mrs. A. V. Jones of Kane, Pa., is visiting her father, H. Kinkead, Esq., of this place.

—Mr. N. I. Roberts and wife, of Johnstown, are visiting relatives and friends in this county.

—The time fixed for holding the next Grand Court is on Monday the 6th day of October.

—Court brought the usual number of people to our town, but so far they have all been well behaved.

—Jesse Hill, son of Rev. George Hill, of the Congregational church, of this place, is home on a visit.

—County Commissioner James Costlow, of Adams township, spent a couple of days in town during the present week.

—Look twenty-four trunks to contain the necessary articles for Mrs. Harrison's trip from Cape May Point to Cresson.

—Vincent Bender, of Altoona, son of Mr. Bender, of the Cambria House is visiting his parents during the present week.

—The hotels and boarding houses in Ebensburg were crowded to their full capacity with sightseeing on Monday and Tuesday of this week.

—A festival for the benefit of the M. E. church at Chest Springs will be on hold Friday and Saturday next. Everyone cordially invited.

—Mr. Phil Luttringer left on Monday for Johnstown, where he has secured employment with a tin-roofing company in that city.

—Mr. Will Kirkpatrick, son of Mr. Augustus Kirkpatrick, of this place, is lying very low at his father's residence with typhoid fever.

—Mr. Andrew Strimatter, of Carroll township, who was hurt in this place a couple of weeks ago by falling off a lumber wagon, is again able to be about.

—Editor Lloyd, of the *Herald*, accompanied by his little daughter, Fannie, is off this week with the Juniata Valley Editorial Association on a trip to Winchester, Va.

—Misses Mary Scanlan, Carlotta Collins and Maggie Myers, visited St. Xavier's Academy in Westmoreland county on Saturday last, returning home on Sunday last.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 811 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease and no operation or delay from business attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—Excursion tickets from all stations between Johnstown and Altoona to Ebensburg, will be sold from the 8th to the 13th inst., inclusive, to accommodate all who wish to attend the Cambria County Fair.

—A festival for the benefit of the Catholic church in this place, will be held in the Town Hall house, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week to which all are cordially invited.

—The Blair County Agricultural Society will pay a premium of $5 00 for the largest display of fruit by any group in the county, exhibited on the grounds on Wednesday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, p. m., September 10, 1890.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Hay Fever. Dr. Sellah's Catarrh Remedy. A Blower free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath.

—While out driving at Altoona, Pa., last Friday evening, Mrs. Clinton Houck and little daughter were precipitated over a high embankment by the horse taking fright and both were very seriously, if not fatally injured.

—Strikes are costly affairs to all parties concerned, as may be gathered from the fact that it costs the New York Central Railroad $10,000 per day to keep a guard of the detective's men over their property in and about Albany.

—Dr. C. C. Miller, who for several years was a practicing physician at Gallitzin, and afterward went to Kansas City, Mo., where he has been for the past six years, has returned to Pennsylvania and will open an office in Altoona.

—A young man named Griffith, from Allegheny township, who had miscalculated the paralyzing powers of Ebensburg's liquor, was arrested and fined five dollars on Saturday night for lying around loose. He paid the fine under protest.

—Mr. P. J. Bengele, of Omaha, Nebraska, among the callers at our office on Monday. Mr. Bengele was called hither by the illness of his father, Mr. Florian Bengele, at Loretto last week, and will return to his western home in a few days.

—Wm. McMurtrie Speer, a young lawyer and newspaper man of New York city, and son of the late Congressman R. Milton Speer of Huntingdon, has been appointed private secretary to Mayor Grant, of New York. His salary is $5,000 a year.

—Three Hungarians were walking on the railroad track near the overhead bridge, at Johnstown, Sunday last, when a passenger train came upon them. Two of the men succeeded in getting off in time but the third was run over and horribly mangled.

—Miss Cora Evans, daughter of Mr. Evan D. Evans, of the East Ward, died Saturday last from typhoid fever contracted about a month ago while on a visit to Indiana City. Miss Evans was about fifteen years of age, highly esteemed by all who knew her and being an only daughter, her death is a sad affliction to her bereaved father.

—Charles Green, a colored resident of New Florence and a barber by occupation, attempted to board a rapidly moving train at Blossburg Point on Thursday of last week, when he missed his footing and was thrown under the wheels which passed over his right leg, horribly mangling it. It was afterwards amputated at the Altoona Hospital.

—As an agent of a patent fanning mill has been working the farmers of Lawrence county, this State and there are some loud cries about raised notes. One man, who signed a agreement to become an agent, has been confronted with a close note for $60, and as the note is in the hands of innocent parties the chances are that he will have to pay it.

—On Monday last, Mr. Thomas McBreen, of Ebensburg, who has been a tipstave at the Court House for the past twelve or fifteen years, resigned his position as such, owing to ill health. Thomas McBreen, Jr., was appointed to fill the vacancy.

—John Sharbaugh, formerly a resident of Carroll township, died in Altoona on Saturday last where he had been living for several years. His remains were taken to Carrolltown, and interred in the Catholic cemetery in that place on Monday last. Mr. Sharbaugh was about 80 years of age.

—The entire civil list on the Court calendar for next week has been continued owing to the fact that the greater part of the week will be taken up with the trial of criminal cases. Suitors and witnesses on civil cases need not attend. The jurors summoned for next week must be in attendance to to trythe criminal cases.

—Mrs. President Harrison, her daughter Mrs. McKee, and her daughter-in-law Mrs. Russell Harrison, accompanied by Mr. George W. Boyd Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, drove up the pike to Ebensburg, on Sunday afternoon and returned by way of Loretto. Very few people in town knew of the presence of the distinguished visitors.

—A telegram from Bellefonte, Pa., on Wednesday says: A man whose name cannot be learned, in an altercation here to-day with Harry Waterhouse, an Englishman, about 40 years old, shot him through the neck, from the effects of which he died in less than hour. The murderer was intoxicated when arrested and would not give his name. He is a stranger in this place.

—Samuel Francis, of Altoona, while returning from the country to the city on Sunday night on passing Hagarty's woods was attacked by foot pads was badly beaten, robbed and left to die. His tongue was wrenched from its root in the attempt to keep him quiet, and his condition, when he crawled to a neighboring house, unable to speak, was pitable in the extreme. He may recover.

—On Saturday last, Amos Kepple, of Bonquet, Westmoreland county, was threshing at the barn of O. G. Kepple, and whilst cutting sheaves fell on the large belt and was carried along at a very rapid rate and thrown clear over the engine, a distance of twenty-five feet, when he struck a bank, injuring his back. It is remarkable that he was not instantly killed. An eye witness says he was thrown through the air as if fired from a cannon.

—Rev. W. T. Braden, of Parnassus, Westmoreland county, a brother of John F. Braden who killed his wife in Johnstown, on Thursday of last week, was here on Tuesday on a visit to his brother, and for the purpose of employing counsel for the unfortunate man. Rev. Braden is a minister of the Methodist Episcopal church and is connected with the Pittsburg Conference. He will take charge of his brother's children, and see that they are properly cared for.

—On Monday evening Mr. William A. Stewart was down at the foot of the Westmont Inclined Plane, in conversation with Mr. Sparks, of the firm of Sparks & Evans, when a stone becoming dislodged near the top of the hill reached the bottom with lightning-like speed, and striking Mr. Stewart on the right arm, broke both bones between the wrist and elbow, and bounding from Mr. Stewart's arm struck Mr. Sparks without breaking any bones.—*Johnstown Democrat.*

—Some inventive genius has discovered a process by which iron can be made rustless. This invention is calculated to work a decided change in iron implements of all kinds. It will be especially valuable in kitchen furniture, where rust often causes much inconvenience, and perhaps danger. Pittsburg is the place where the new process has been introduced and already more than two millions of kettles and other kitchen implements have been manufactured under the patent.

—Thomas A. Brown, tax collector of Lilly, whose conviction for forgery is noted in our Court proceedings, was on Thursday sentenced to pay a fine of $300 and to undergo an imprisonment in the Western penitentiary for three years. Also, in the case of the Commonwealth against Thomas A. Brown, for embezzlement, tried at last Court and the defendant convicted, but sentence suspended, he was sentenced to pay a fine of $50 and one year's imprisonment in the penitentiary—making $350 fine and four years' imprisonment.

—Mrs. Susan Campbell, one of the oldest residents of Carrolltown, died at her home, in that place, on Sunday last, in the 88th year of her age. Mrs. Campbell, whose maiden name was Myers, was born in what is now Gallitzin township, and when a young woman, married John Campbell. After their marriage, the couple settled on a tract of land part of which is now in the borough of Carrolltown, but then a wilderness, where Mr. Campbell cleared out a farm and resided up until the time of his death a number of years ago. Mrs. Campbell was the mother of Peter Campbell, present postmaster at Carrolltown, Henry Campbell of Altoona, Robert Campbell of Gallitzin, and several other children whose names we failed to learn. She was esteemed and respected by all acquainted with her.

—Thomas Boyle, son of H. M. Boyle, President of the National Insurance Company of Allegheny city, and senior member of the firm of Thomas Boyle & Co., of Pittsburg was here on Thursday of last week, to see his sister who was stopping at Maple Park and took the train for Atlantic city to see his father. Arriving there on Friday morning, on learning that his father was bathing in the surf he hastily obtained a bathing suit and said he would surprise the old gentleman. He was an expert swimmer and when he reached the beach he plunged into the water and struck out seaward, his intention being to indulge in a swim before he apprised his father of his presence. He swam far beyond his depth and was evidently seized with a cramp. On attempting to return he was seen to throw up his hands with a despairing cry for help and then suddenly disappear under the water. His father was quite near him when he was drowned, but did not know of his presence, and was nearly crazed with grief when he learned the truth. At last accounts the body had not yet been recovered.

—J. Wilkinson & Son, marble and granite dealers of Ebensburg, Pa., wish to inform the public that they are prepared to fill all orders for cemetery work, in either marble or granite, at figures that defy competition. The artistic excellence and superior workmanship of their designs are evidenced by the many specimens now on exhibition at their establishment and by the numberless designs which they have erected in the various cemeteries in this county and elsewhere. Every department of their business is in the hands of skillful and competent workmen, who are capable of executing any piece of work from the plainest to the most elaborate, which together with the personal supervision that every job receives is a guarantee that perfect satisfaction will be given to the most exacting of patrons. They ordered forty tons of marble which arrived in April, and now have as fine, if not the finest, stock on the best marble that ever came to Western Pennsylvania. Persons wishing anything in the line would do well to give them a call before leaving their order with any other manufacturer, as you can depend upon getting a good job at a fair price,

—The Commissioners on Monday last let the stone work for the new county bridge at Mineral Point, to J. A. Shoemaker, for the sum of $1,499. Thomas Anderson of Chest Springs, John Boyle, of Dysart, William McClintock, of South Fork and Thomas Long, of Johnstown, who each had lower bids in than Mr. Shoemaker, having failed to appear with their bonds for the proper performance of the work.

—The recent sale by the Sheriff of the Rex, or more properly, the Cambria Land Company's real estate in the Blacklick region, this county, consisting of several thousand acres of valuable coal and timber lands, sold at the suit of John H. Krause and bid off by A. V. Barker, Esq., at the price of $6,500, was not confirmed at the present session of Court. The confirmation was deferred under a rule to show cause why said sale should not be set aside until Argument Court, upon the petition of creditors of said Company, backed by a largely increased bid.

Court Proceedings.

On Monday at 10 o'clock Court was called. After calling the list of Grand Jurors the Court excused John A. Smith and Hiram Swank, both of Johnstown. Emory West, of Johnstown, was appointed foreman of the Grand Jury, and Porter R. Miller was appointed constable to attend upon them.

Commonwealth vs. Peter Vogel, surety of the peace. Sentenced to enter bail in the sum of $100 to keep the peace.

Commonwealth vs. Anthony Frankhauser and Annie Frankhauser, surety of the peace. Sentenced to enter into recognizance in the sum of $100 to keep the peace.

Commonwealth vs. John Inglert. Continued.

Commonwealth James Kelly and Mary A. Kelly. Continued.

Commonwealth vs. L. L. Smith. Continued.

A *nolle pros* was entered in the following cases: Commonwealth vs. Albert H. Overdorf; Commonwealth vs. James Duncan; Commonwealth vs. Annie M. Duncan.

Commonwealth vs. Charles Ruloff, was discontinued.

Commonwealth vs. Thomas Dawson and Ellen Doutry, surety of the peace. Settled.

Commonwealth vs. Timothy Mahony, desertion. Case dismissed.

Commonwealth vs. Julia Ann Donahue, surety of the peace. *Nolle pros* entered.

Commonwealth vs. J. D. Ford, desertion. Continued.

Commonwealth vs. M. J. McKenzie, surety of the peace. *Nolle pros* entered.

Commonwealth vs. Rosy Naugle, surety of the peace. Continued.

Commonwealth vs. Felix McHugh, surety of the peace. Case heard and action suspended.

Commonwealth vs. Mary Clark, surety of the peace. Defendant sentenced to give bond in sum of $50 to keep the peace.

Commonwealth vs. Joseph Younker, surety of the peace. *Nolle pros* entered.

Commonwealth vs. Jessee A. Stahl, embezzlement. Defendant plead guilty. Not sentenced.

Commonwealth vs. James K. Utzler, assault and battery. Defendant plead guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of $25. and costs.

Commonwealth vs. James McElarney, aggravated assault and battery. Defendant plead guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of $25 and costs.

Commonwealth vs. Sulock et al, riot. *Nolle pros.* entered.

Commonwealth vs. Thomas A. Brown, forgery. Juay find defendant guilty. Not sentenced.

The case of the Commonwealth vs. John F. Braden, who killed his wife in Johnstown on Wednesday of last week, on motion of the prisoner's counsel, Chal. L. Dick, Esq., on Wednesday was continued.

Commonwealth vs. John Frank Woods, false pretense. Defendant plead guilty.

Commonwealth vs. Charles Watson, horse stealing. Defendant plead guilty. Not sentenced.

Commonwealth vs. Frak Darks, carrying concealed deadly weapons. Jury find defendant guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of $1 and twenty days' imprisonment in county jail.

Commonwealth vs. George Fuiley, burlary and larceny. Defendant plead guilty. Sentenced to four years in the penitentiary.

Commonwealth vs. John Hertzog, aggravated assault and battery. Defendant plead guilty. Sentenced to ten months in jail.

Commonwealth vs. Eliza McColgan and Kate McColgan, malicious mischief. Jury find the defendants not guilty, but that the prosecutrix Sarah Faanels, pay one-fourth the costs and the defendants pay three-fourths the costs.

Commonwealth vs. John Pennington, forcible entry and detainer. Jury find defendant, not guilty.

Commonwealth vs. Alexander Riblett, forcible entry and detainer. Jury find defendant not guilty.

Commonwealth vs. Felix McHugh and Catharine McHugh, aggravated assault and battery. Jury find defendant guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of $30 and costs.

Commonwealth vs. Rose Dandele, larceny. Jury find defendant not guilty.

Commonwealth vs. Fred Sanders, carrying concealed deadly weapons. On trial.

Marriage Licenses Issued.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, September 5, 1890.

Michael Melvin and Elizabeth O'Hara, Johnstown.

John H. Reploge and Ellen M. Slagle, Stonycreek township.

Nelson Mishler and Henrietta Ream, Upper Yoder township.

Austin G. Miller and Annie Coleman, Roxbury.

Frank Bracken, Johnstown and Mellie M. Barkheimer, Morrellville.

Charles Englehart and Eva Karl, Johnstown.

William Codner, Huntingdon county, Pa. and Francis Parker, Johnstown.

William L. Gossard, Johnstown and Clara Kyle, West Taylor township.

Peter Sybert, Braddock, Allegheny county, Pa. and Elizabeth M. Schnable, Johnstown.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Folding Tables 98 Cents, at Gable & Company's.

We haves a few folding tables with our advertisement stamped on them that we will sell at 98 cents. You cannot buy this table without the advertisement for less than $1,50. They have a new improved patent for folding, and with a yardstick stamped across the top makes it a very useful sewing table.

We have placed on sale a fine assortment of plain and stamped

Linen bureau scarfs, 33c. to $1.25.
" tray covers, 17c. to 42c.
" splashers, 9c. to 62½c.
" stand scarfs, 22c. to 75c.
" tidies 5c. to 25c.

Ask to see them at
WM. GABLE & CO.'s store, Altoona.

Killed His Wife.

About 9 o'clock on Thursday morning of last week another murder was added to Cambria county's criminal calendar. John F. Braden, who, until lately had been in the employ of the Cambria Iron Company, at Johnstown, and who was a resident of the Fourteenth ward, (Minersville), on that morning, shot his wife down in cold blood while standing in the yard in front of their residence.

Some weeks ago Braden had his wife and policeman Andrew Boucher, of that city arrested, charging them with being criminally intimate. On Tuesday, Braden and his wife visited the District Attorney's office, for the purpose of having the suits adjusted and the charges withdrawn. On their return home, Braden, who while up town had been drinking began quarreling with his wife, and kept it up during the night. In the morning Braden, after eating his breakfast asked for his revolver and on being told by his wife where to find it up stairs, went and got it. Mrs. Braden was standing in the yard when Braden returned, and he deliberately raised his pistol and fired, the ball striking Mrs. Braden in front of the left ear, crushed the cheek bone and entered the brain. Mrs. Braden fell unconscious to the ground, when Braden fired three more shots at her, none of which took effect as the wound made by the first shot was the only one found on her person. Mrs. Braden was carried into her house, medical aid summoned and everything done for her that could be done but she died about four o'clock the same evening. Mrs. Braden, it is said by her neighbors was a good woman and that her husbands suspicions were entirely unfounded. The couple had five children the eldest of whom is a daughter about fourteen years of age, and the youngest about a year old. An inquest was held on Friday morning and the jury found Sadie E. Braden came to her death from a pistol shot fired by her husband, John F. Braden. Braden was brought up to jail of Friday evening.

At the coroners inquest, Gracie Braden, the fourteen year old daughter, testified as follows: "I am the daughter of John F. Braden. On the morning of August 28th my father came to the basement and asked mother for the revolver. My mother said "just wait a minute, Frank, and come and eat your breakfast and then I will give it to you." Father said there was nothing there that suited his appetite. Mother said that was all she had to cook for breakfast. Father then went out and came back in again and said: "I want that revolver." I then said to him: "Come on and eat, papa." He sat to the table and drank some coffee. He asked mother again for the revolver. She told him it was up-stairs. He went up-stairs for the revolver, and came to the hall window and said he couldn't find it. Mother told him it was there, he should look again. He then came down-stairs, and had the revolver in his hip pocket. Mother then told me to take the children to the back yard, and she went around front, saying she was afraid. I saw father take the revolver out of his pocket, and I feared he was going to shoot, and I ran toward Mr. Adams'. I heard a shot and saw mother lying on the ground with her hand to her head. There was several shots fired. Many of the neighbors, attracted by the shots, came to where mother was lying. They carried her in the house and sent for a doctor. She died about 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Another Shooting Accident.

On Wednesday of last week while John Kohler, of Clearfield township, was riding along the road leading from Carrolltown to Marx's Mills, when opposite the residence of Mr. Valentine Buck, in that township, he stopped to chat with Mr. Buck who was building a pig pen near the road. James Buck, a son of Mr. Buck was at the house, on the porch, about 30 feet away, working with a shot gun which he did not know was loaded. Suddenly the gun was discharged, and Kohler fell from his horse unconscious. The gun had been loaded with a large ball which entered Kohler's side about six inches below the arm pit and four inches from the nipple, breaking the fourth rib and passing into his body where it lodged. Kohler was still living at last accounts but little, if any hopes are had for his recovery.

The Best

medical writers claim that the successful remedy for nasal catarrh must be non-irritating, easy of application, and one that will reach all the remote sores and ulcerated surfaces. The history of the efforts to treat catarrh during the past obliges us to admit that only one remedy has met these conditions, and that is Ely's Cream Balm. This pleasant remedy has mastered catarrh as nothing else has ever done, and both physicians and patients freely concede this fact, The more distressing symtoms yield to it.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

LETTING
—OF—
STONE WORK!

THE Commissioners of Cambria county will receive proposals for the abutments of a bridge to be erected across the Blacklick creek near Duncan's Red Mill in Blacklick township until

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1890,
AT 10 O'CLOCK, A. M.

Plans and specifications of stone work can be seen at the Commissioners' office in Ebensburg. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

JOHN KIRBY,
JOHN CAMPBELL,
J. G. LLOYD,
Commissioners.

Attest: D. A. McGOUGH, Clerk.
sep5.2t

WANTED!

A good and pushing Salesman here. First-class pay guaranteed weekly. Commission or Salary. Quick selling new Fruits and Specialties. FARMERS can get a good paying job for the Winter. Write for full terms and particulars. FRED. E. YOUNG, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.
sep5.2m

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE.
Letters of administration upon the estate of Cornelius Morris, late of Clearfield township, in the county of Cambria, Pa., deceased, having been granted the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same are requested to present them, properly authenticated, for settlement. MARGARET E. MORRIS,
Administratrix.
Clearfield township, September 5, 1890.6t

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Michael Plummer, Portage township, deceased.
Letters testamentary on the estate of Michael Plummer, late of Portage township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. JAMES F. SKELLY,
Portage Twp., Sept. 5, 1890.6t Executor.

STRAY BULL.
Strayed away from the subscriber residing in Loretto, Cambria county, Pa., on or about the 9th day of June last, a brindle bull, one year and nine months old. Any person knowing the whereabouts of the aforesaid bull will confer a favor by giving information to the undersigned.
JACOB STEBERGER.
Loretto, Pa., September 5th, 1889.4t

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., NEW YORK.

B. & B.
Late Buyers
Are More Fortunate
Than Usual This Season.

In many lines in our Dress Goods Departments we find a surplus, particularly in

SUMMER WOOLENS.

This surplus must go. Room is needed for Fall goods now arriving.

A sale of Fine Imported Dress Goods Novelties—4- to 42 inch goods at 50 cents.

Very large and choice line, every piece of which is down in price from $1 00 to $1.25. Surely this is reaching Bed Rock.

Choice line of 50 inch Cloths, 50 cents. 36 inch Wool Suitings, 35 cents.

And in the

SILK DEPARTMENT.

Extra quality 19 inch Black Surahs, 50 cents.

26 inch Black Surahs, 75 cents.

A very large line of COLORED REGENCE SILKS, 19 inches wide, 70 cents, worth intrinsically $1.25.

100 pieces Colored Armure Silks at $1.00, extra heavy quality, down from $1.25 and $1.50. That is to say, both our $1.25 and $1.50 Armures now marked $1.00 a yard.

These and many other items for late buyers to profit by in these stores.

Write our Mail Order Department. It offers same advantages as are presented over the counter.

BOGGS & BUHL,
115 to 119 Federal St.
ALLEGHENY, - - PA.

A Philadelphia Lawyer

Prominent in his profession, says: "Don't put my name in print but refer any one you wish to me, and I will gladly tell what the *Russian Rheumatism Cure* has done for me."

This gentleman was so lame one would have thought him a cripple, and yet **Three Days'** use of our remedy straightened him out all right.

Mr. G. W. BAKER, a leading manufacturer of Wilmington, Del., writes Dec. 19th, '89: "From the first day I began to use the Russian Rheumatism Cure, relief followed and my comfort daily increased. The use of my limbs became more and more natural, until I felt no discomfort either walking or working. I know of nothing which has so quick and wondrous an effect."

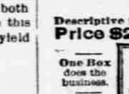
One of Philadelphia's oldest merchants, Mr. C. G. BOCKIUS, residing 4th Main Street, Germantown, says: "The Russian Rheumatism Cure has taken all the pain out of my daughter's arm and neck. She had suffered greatly with it for months."

We have testimony of this sort sufficient to satisfy the most skeptical. But if you have the Rheumatism you want relief rather than testimony. You can get it—quick, sure, permanent, by sending for the

RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE

Descriptive pamphlet, with testimonials, free. Price $2.50. If mailed, 10c. additional. If registered, 10c. more.

One Box does the business.



None Genuine without this Trade-Mark.

As yet it is not to be found at the stores, but can only be had by enclosing the amount as above, and addressing the American proprietors.

PFAELZER BROS. & CO.
819-821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address, Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, on the estate of William O'Connell, late of Evansburg, in said county, deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons to make payment without delay and those having claims against same to present them properly authenticated for settlement. J. B. DENNY,
Administrator of Wm. O'Connell, deceased.
aul.6t

SAW MILLS!

Patent Variable Friction & Belt Feed.
Steam Engines, Hay Presses, Shingle Mills, &c.
Portable Grist Mills.
Send for illus. Catalogue. Threshing Machines, &c. A. B. FARQUAR, CO., York, Pa.
ju 25.13t.

FOR SALE.

Four SHROPSHIRE BUCK LAMBS. These sheep are considered the best mutton sheep that are raised. Also have heavy fleeces of wool of a fine quality. For further information address me at Tyrone, Pa. RUEBEN FOX.
au29

DONALD E. DUFTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENNA.
Office in Opera House, Centre street.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENNA.
Office on Centre street, near High.

ADVERTISERS by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St., New York can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of ADVERTISING in American Newspapers. 100 Page Pamphlet 10c.

T. W. DICK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A.
Special attention given to claims for Pension Bounty, etc. ch7-18-90

EVERYBODY in Cambria county should read the FREEMAN. Only $1.50 per year.

Of Interest to the
PEOPLE OF GALLITZIN.

A Present for Every School Boy!

School will soon commence and parents should remember that Gus. Simon has the largest and best assortment of

Children's Clothing in Cambria Co.

Suits for ages ranging in age from 4 to 14 years, selling at $1.22, $1.45, $1.74, $1.98 and up to $5.00. Boys' Suits from $2.75 and up to $10. To every purchaser of a boy's suit we will present a slate and pencil free of charge. So bring the little ones and get them a suit at "can't be beat" prices. Bear in mind that Mr. Simon is now in the East and new goods will arrive daily.

Young Men, Here is Something that will Interest You!

Black Cheviot Suits will be "all the go" this Fall. Our Mr. Simon has sent home the largest assortment of Cheviot Suits ever seen in Cambria county. We have them in Cutaways, Round Sacks, Single and Double-Breasted, silk-faced or plain best silk bound or raw edge. Nothing but the best made and most reliable clothing will be handled by us. We will give you full value—100 cents for every dollar. Watch the windows of our new store for the latest styles and novelties in Gent's Wear.

PANTS, PANTS, PANTS.

If you wear pants look at our assortment and it will do your eyes good, as we have them from 75 cents up to $7 per pair. The variety of our patterns and grades are too many to mention separately, so call and see for yourself. It is never too much trouble for us to show our goods. Remember we have also a full line of half spring and full-spring bottom pants. Just arrived our Fall styles of

Stiff and Soft Hats.

It is now time to discard your straw hat and you can easily afford to do so when you can buy a black Derby hat of the very latest style for $1.25. Four different shapes to select from. If you want to be "in the swim," wear one of those nobby Evening Sun hats. We keep a full assortment of gents silk and velvet caps which will be retailed at 45 cents each. Good black caps at 25 cents each. A full line of soft felt hats from 48 cents to $3.

BOYS, DON'T NEGLECT TO GET A BEAU.

We have just received the finest line of Gent's Neckwear the Eastern cities can produce. The line comprises all the late shades and all the different styles. Our Ring Ties are the acknowledged beauties of the town and only 48 cents for your pick of 100 styles. Our line of Four-in-Hand Teck Scarfs, Windsor's Dude Bows and String Ties can't be be beat—a large assortment to select from for 24 cents.

The Weather is Changing

and you can't go around much longer with your old shoes. Bear in mind that Mr. Simon went direct to Boston and will buy his stock of shoes from the manufacturer for spot cash; so if in need of anything in the shoe line come to us. Full particulars next week. For a NOBBY LIGHT-WEIGHT OVERCOAT go to

GUS. SIMON,

Gallitzin's Largest Cash Merchant, Chestnut Street, Gallitzin, Pa.

Remember we pay your fare both ways providing your purchases amount to $10 or over.

TRIAL LIST.
SECOND WEEK IN SEPTEMBER.

Indiana Co. Dep. Bk.	vs. Anna.
Butterbaugh	vs. Cannan, Adam
Sloan	vs. McMullen et al.
Fisher	vs. Rager et al.
Dee Blair	vs. Gallagher.
Pringle	vs. Pringle.
King	vs. Cook.
Wyland	vs. Kimports.
Bowman	vs. Barnhart.
Cresswell	vs. Cole.
Farber	vs. Haywood Coal Co.
Irvin	vs. Gill.
Irvin	vs. Kutruff.
Kline	vs. Elliott.
Hagan	vs. Litzinger.
Miller	vs. Storm et al.
Anna	vs. Notley.
Admrs. of Rubrits	vs. Custer.
Gallagher	vs. Baker.
Gallagher	vs. Baker.
Malehonson	vs. Loughry.
Steward & Co.	vs. Gittings.
Hall, Sweyer, Glase & Co.	vs. Parrish.
Wilson	vs. Myers & Reade.
Creary	vs. Haugh.

JAS. C. DARBY,
Prothy's. Office, Aug. 8, 1890. Prothonotary.

TRIAL LIST.
THIRD WEEK IN SEPTEMBER (SPECIAL).

Martin	vs. McBlade.
Saxman	vs. Carroll.
Reade	vs. Knepper heirs.
Pringle	vs. Pringle.
Kerr & Co.	vs. Brown.
Brinker	vs. Parrish.
Potters Co-operative Co.	vs. McGough.
Kerr & Co.	vs. Yinger.
Kunkle	vs. Vondeller & Keene.
Westover	vs. Bowers.
Same	vs. Same.
Flick	vs. Adams.
Hemperly	vs. Lilly Mdse. Co.
Glasgow	vs. Shoemaker.
Hall, Sweyer, Glase & Co.	vs. McConigle.
Same	vs. Wilhelm & McGonigle.
McVey	vs. Suppes.
McIlawley	vs. Vaughn.
Miller & Co.	vs. Vaughn.

JAS. C. DARBY,
Prothy's. Office Aug. 8, 1890. Prothonotary.

NOTICE TO PERSONS
DESIRING TO INVEST IN
Borough Bonds!

NOTICE is hereby given that the Borough of Ebensburg, Pa., is about to issue bonds in the amount of $6,000.00, in sums of $100.00 each, with interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, free from taxation so far as the individual holders are concerned. Persons desirous to invest in such securities will please make known at once to the undersigned or Fergus C. Lloyd, Deputy Burgess, the amount or number of such bonds they wish to purchase. These bonds will be sold to the first purchasers presenting themselves, hence the necessity of promptness in making known the number of of bonds desired. J. E. EVANS,
Ebensburg, Aug. 29, 1890. Burgess.

NOTICE.
IN THE ORPHANS' COURT OF CAMBRIA CO.
To the Heirs and legal Representatives of Thomas Duncan, deceased:
GREETING: You are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of the Orphans' Court to be held at Ebensburg, on the first Monday of September next, then and there to accept or refuse to take the real estate of Thomas Duncan, deceased at the appraised valuation put upon it by an inquest duly awarded by the said Court, or show cause why same should not be sold.
J. C. STINEMAN,
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Pa., August 8, '90.3t. Sheriff.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Letters of administration upon the estate of A. J. Christy, late of Loretto, Cambria county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment without delay, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them, properly authenticated, for settlement. J. B. DENNY,
Administrator of A. J. Christy, deceased.
August 18, 6t.

NOTICE.
All persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing school orders of Allegheny school district Cambria county, bearing number and date as follows: Order No. 125 for $90.00, dated February 10, 1890; order No. 158 for $12.50, dated June 2d, 1890, and order No. 1 for $110 27, dated June 2, 1890, as the above orders were drawn by mistake and imposition. By order of the Board.
S. VAUGHT,
Allegheny twp., Aug. 11, 3t. Secretary.

ESTRAY.
Came to the residence of the undersigned in Allegheny township on or about June 15th, 1890, one light red heifer, white spotted, supposed to about the age of two years. The owner is requested to come, pay charges and take her away, or she will be disposed of according to law.
THOS. BISHOP.
Allegheny township, August 15, 1890.

EXPOSITION AT PITTSBURGH,
Opens Sept. 3d, Closes Oct. 18th.
ADMISSION, 25 CENTS.

Hopper : Bros. : & : Co.

Extend to You a Hearty Invitation when You Visit the City to Call and Examine their Stock of

RED ROOM FURNITURE,
PARLOR FURNITURE,
Carpets, Lace Curtains,
Dining and Kitchen Furniture,
Bedding, Stoves and Ranges.

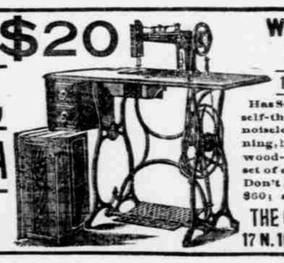
We furnish everything that pertains to the proper fitting of a house at lower prices than can be had elsewhere in the city.

WE ARE NEAR THE EXPOSITION.

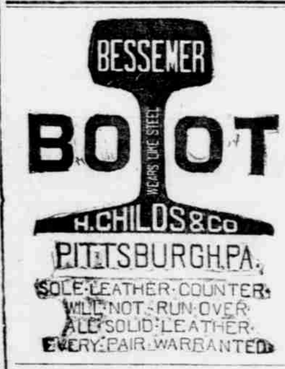
Cars from the B. & O. and P. R. R. Depots pass our Doors. Will gladly Give any information necessary.

HOPPER BROS. & CO.,
307 WOOD STREET, PITTSBURG.
sep5.6t

ONLY $20
HIGH ARM, PHILAD'A SINGER.



WARRANTED 5 YEARS.
15 DAYS TRIAL.
Has Self-setting Needle, self-threading shuttle, is noiseless and light-running, has the handsomest wood-work, and finest set of extra attachments. Don't pay agents $55 or $60; send for circular.
THE C. A. WOOD CO.
17 N. 10th St., Phila., Pa.



What Educators Say.

Application requires constant attention.

Patience is at a premium in class-work.

We want scientific training, not scientific telling.

Neglected school grounds are a professional disgrace.

Plodding accuracy is preferable to secondhand enthusiasm.

The teacher who thinks keenly is liable to inspire thought.

Loyalty to general principles in teaching is a rare virtue.

Judge a pupil less by what he knows than by what he thinks.

Clearness of thought and expression are always at a premium.

If there is a place or a time for scolding it is not in the schoolroom.

Don't forget to use the newspaper as an occasional reading exercise.

The spirit of modern methods should flush your work in every branch.

In elementary work in geography nothing can take the place of nature.

Next to pure air, the prime necessity in a schoolroom is a sunny philosophy.

We are as responsible for the physical condition of mankind as for its spiritual.

Our teachers must walk in the light of the past and in the hope of the future.

Stimulate the observation of phenomena, especially in the high school classes.

A teacher must have his powers under command if others are to have the full benefit of them.

The child that sees a point quickly when you suggest it, may be far from doing his own thinking.

There should be every safeguard to prevent favoritism on the part of those who certificate teachers.

Have the courage to be independent in any specific method, when you are confident you are right.

The boy is a hero worshiper. Treat him to an abundance of biography and history of a stimulating nature.

Teaching facts is only an incident of teaching. The chief object is to teach the children to be men and women.

To receive proper training and discipline from the study of the sciences, the pupil must become an investigator.

The dull pupil, with his faulty recitation, effort for effort, is equally meritorious with his more gifted classmate.

Adult life is one unceasing examination; youth, the formative and preparative period; death, the commencement day.

Ease and grace of bearing are as important to the success in the life of a pupil as some things taught from books.

The teacher cannot supplant nature. He can only aid her by making the conditions for healthy life as favorable as possible.

The ordinary school committee service in a rural town is too often limited to prudential affairs, and it is a poor service at that.

There is a weakness in the pupil and possibly in the teacher, when the former talks about what he likes and does not like in school work.

The principles of thinking, which are to common life what axioms are to mathematics, should be well taught and thoroughly appreciated.

In the news of the day, the news of the week, and the school reading of the newspaper, distinguish sharply between the vital and the sensational.

Those committeemen who are best fitted to inspect school and direct school work are always most favorably disposed toward supervision.

High school and seminary teaching need special attention in some quarters, in order to come into harmony with educational principles and methods.

The day is not far distant when cases of corporal punishment will wholly disappear, and cases of suspension and truancy will be reduced to a satisfactory minimum.

A school, in order to be a good one, should be one that will fit men and women, in the best way, for the humbler positions that the great mass of them must necessarily occupy.

Half hour's exercise in the open air will renew, to a remarkable degree the retentive power of the brain and the capacity for study, when the brain is weary with continuous work.

It is not often that good results are obtained from keeping pupils after school. There are teachers who can make it serviceable for discipline and inspiration, but they are rare.

He who can express his thoughts readily, correctly, and felicitously, and who has thoughts worthy of expression, occupies a much-to-be-desired vantage ground in the warfare of life.

The zeal and untiring labors of the best teachers, not only in their schoolrooms and immediate neighborhood, but in all educational meetings, justly deserve highest commendation.

Latin and Greek are not dead. They are the trunk from which branches have grown. The trouble with the study of the "dead" languages is that it deals only with the bark of this trunk.

Give the pupils sympathy, give their helpers sympathy, and lend a hand to every possible opportunity of making them the men and women on whom others, in their turn, may be able to depend hereafter.

The moral character of an applicant (teacher) is generally known or inferred, but maturity of body and mind, scholarship and progressive training, are not duly considered by the committee of a rural town.

Manual training gives mental gymnastics of a kind unattainable from books; it gives a dull boy his missing stepping-stones; it gives a bright boy the chance to question and establish his authority; it teaches hand skill.

A system of public schools is a great business, and must be operated on business principles; supervision in a system of schools is more necessary and more directly productive of beneficial results than in any other lines of business.

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EBENSBURG, PENN'A.

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CIGARS & CIGARETTES.

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These Goods Contain the Leaves or Needles of the Pine Tree.

Use them for a pleasant smoke and speedy relief for *INFLUENZA, ACUTE AND CHRONIC CATARRH, CLERGYMEN'S SORE THROAT, HAY FEVER, ASTHMA AND ALL BRONCHIAL DISEASES;* they are free from adulteration, as nothing is used in their manufacture but the *BEST OF TOBACCO* and *FRESH PINE NEEDLES.*

MANUFACTURED BY

PINE NEEDLE CIGAR CO.

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The Sponge is Mightier than the Brush.

THROW AWAY THE OLD BRUSH and use a Sponge and water, which will keep your SHOES BRIGHT and CLEAN if you use

Wolff's ACME Blacking

The women know a good thing and will have it, and the men ought to.

It preserves the leather and gives a brilliant polish. Water and snow slip off it as surely as off a duck's back. Many shoes require dressing ONCE A WEEK—women's once a month, that's all. Worth trying, isn't it? It is also the best dressing for harness, on which it lasts THREE MONTHS.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia

ONE POUND. PEOPLE'S AND CATTLE POWDERS. TRADE MARK. CONTAINS NO POISON.

—FOR—

Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.

Excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hide Bound, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Blotches, and all difficulties arising from impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Heaves at once. *Manufactured by the*

JOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

PERUVIAN TONIC LIVER REGULATOR.

The only sure and radical cure for

CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION,

and all disorders of the liver, and has cured hundreds of people and is the only remedy for these diseases, and in cases in which the most skillful physicians have utterly failed. Testimonials from hundreds of people living in Blair county, Pennsylvania. It is manufactured by D. T. Ketring, Williamsburg, Pa., for the P. T. L. R. Co., and for sale by all druggists at 50 cents per bottle. None genuine except label shows the Indian arrow-head trade mark.

April 25th, '90-ly.

STAR SHAVING PARLOR!

COR. CENTRE AND SAMPLE STREETS

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J. H. GANT, Proprietor.

THE PUBLIC will always find us at our place of business in business hours. Everything kept neat and cosy. A bath room has been connected with the shop where the public can be accommodated with a hot or cold bath. Bath tub and everything connected therein kept perfectly clean. CLEAN TOWELS A SPECIALTY.

M. D. KITTELL,

Attorney-at-Law,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Office Armory Building, opp. Court House.

A Great Tunnel.

An article in an Allahabad (India) newspaper gives some interesting particulars concerning the tunnel that has jus been completed through the Chojak on the railroad from Quetta to Candhar. The Chojak Pass is 7,500 feet above the sea and about 2,000 feet above the level of the surrounding country. The tunnel pierces the range at right angles and its course is, therefore, due east and west, and it enters the hill at about 1,000 feet below the crest of the pass. The length of the tunnel is 12 600 feet, or two and a half miles approximately, and it will carry a double line of rails. For the first half the floor ascends about 1 foot in a thousand and for the second half of the journey it descends at an incline of 1 to 40.

There are two main shafts, one 318 feet and the other 280 feet deep, which were sunk in order to facilitate the construction of the tunnel. The chief obstacle to progress arose from the flooding of the tunnel at more than one point. A large spring was cut and the water flooded the shaft on the Candhar side to the depth of 180 feet. It took ten weeks to pump out the water, and in the western headings as much as 50 gallons a minute were constantly running out of the west month. In order to overcome this difficulty a side cutting had to made.

The magnitude of the work is is testified to by the banks of shale and rock at the mouths of the tunnel and at the heads, which are said to be quite altering the landscape in places. One curious discovery made during the progress of the work, as the result of an investigation in the cause of certain mysterious explosions, was that it was proved that "combustion had arisen inside a case of blasting gelatine."

Forecasting Thunder Storms.

When the daily weather charts are drawn, if we find that there is an unevenness in the isobaric lines—that is, if these are wavy, or bulge out irregularly—we know that thunder storms are likely to burst out somewhere or other over the country, but that is all we can say. At each station the barometer is unsteady—the mercury moving up and down in the tube—during the actual continuance of the storm; but this oscillation of the mercurial column has nothing to do with the irregularity in the isobaric lines above mentioned. Forecasting these storms is, therefore, an uncertain and thankless task, for local success is rarely attained.

Among the earliest symptons of the approach of a thunder storm is the appearance on the western horizon of a line of cumulus ("wool pack") clouds, exhibiting a peculiar turreted structure. I say on the western horizon, for most of our changes of weather come from that quarter, and it has been proved thunder storms, like wind storms, advance over the country, generally, from some westerly point. This bank of clouds moves on, and over it appear first streamers and then sheets of upper lighter cloud—cirrus, or "mare's tail"—which spread over the sky with extreme rapidity. The heavy cloud mass comes up under this film, and it is a general observation that no electrical explosion or downfall of rain ever takes place from a cloud unless streamers of cirrus, emanating from its upper surface, are visible when the cloud is looked sideways from a distance.

For Ladies With Bald Heads.

Baldness is a rare infirmity among ladies. Doubtless one reason is because they are their own hair-dressers. Occasionally the hair falls out from severe fevers, as typhoid, but it is usually restored without treatment. Some ladies seem to have inherited a tendency to baldness. Thinning of the hair also occasionally occurs in consequence of constitutional ill health. Probably no better "hair restorer" has been found than cantharides.

A simple, and perhaps as good as any other application, is made with one ounce of the tincture of cantharides, four ounces of bay rum and ten ounces of water. This should be well rubbed into the scalp every day. Quinine has some repute as a hair tonic.

The usual proportions are two drachms to a pint of water. Common water may be used. The mixture may be made up by a druggiet, who will need to add a little diluted sulphuric acid and a few drops of some perfume oil will render it more agreeable.

It would be well, also, to add to each pint of the mixture two or three ounces of glycerine. Apply this tonic once or twice a day. A rapid gain must never be expected from the use of any hair restorative. Even the best of them are not likely to have any noticeable effect until after they have been persisted in for several months.

Unexplored Lands.

Great tracks of Australia have never been trodden by the foot of a white man, and nearly all of South America inside of the coast lines, is known only by hearsay and tradition. Coming up to our northern half of the continent we encounter more unknown lands. Central America and Mexico offer fertile fields for exploration, and Lower California has never been thoroughly explored.

In the far North is Greenland, Baffin Land, the great Hudson Bay region, all of British America north of latitude degrees, and our great territory of Alaska. Here is a wonderful field for adventurous explorers, and it is impossible to predict what is in store for them. The natives of northern Alaska also report that further north is another land, not down on the maps, an inhabited land with a comparitively mild climate.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if is does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

STATUES are moulded with little touches. Characters are formed in the same way.

RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA

These twin diseases cause untold suffering. Does it not seem that they are difficult to cure—to the doctor? Paine's Celery Compound has permanently cured the worst cases of rheumatism and neuralgia—so say those who have used it.

"Having been troubled with rheumatism of the knee and foot for five years, I was almost unable to get around, and was very often confined to my bed for weeks at a time. I used only one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound and was perfectly cured. I can now jump around, and feel as lively as a boy." PETER CAMPBELL, Eureka, Nevada.

Mammoth testimonial paper free.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Props., Burlington, Vt.

\$1.00. Six for \$5.00. Druggists.

"Paine's Celery Compound has done me more good than all the doctors and medicines I have ever taken. I feel like a new man, and can recommend it to all sufferers." MRS. H. LEWIS, Cedar Vale, Kan.

Paine's Celery Compound

Effects Lasting Cures.

"I have been greatly afflicted with acute rheumatism, and could find no relief until I used Paine's Celery Compound. After using six bottles of the medicine I am now entirely free from the trouble." SAMUEL HUTCHINSON, Sr., Canada, N. Y.

Paine's Celery Compound has performed other cures as marvelous as these. Copies of letters sent to any address. Pleasant to take, does not disturb, but aids digestion, and entirely regenerates; a child can take it. What's the use of suffering longer with rheumatism or neuralgia?

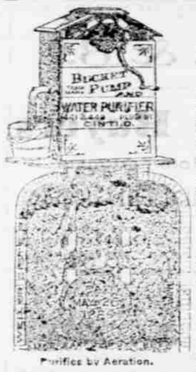
DIAMOND DYES. *Give Faster and Brighter Colors than any other Dyes.* | BABIES *Living upon Lactated Food are Healthy, Happy, Hearty. It is Unequaled.*

DRINK PURE WATER.

BY USING THE

BUCKET PUMP AND WATER PURIFIER

IN YOUR WELLS AND CISTERNS.



Warranted to Purify a Foul Well or Cistern in Ten Days Use or Money Refunded.

It will draw ten gallons of water per minute.
Never has to be packed, primed or thawed out.
A ten-year old boy can draw water with ease from a 60 ft. well.
No iron tubing to rust or burst. No suckers or valves to wear out.
It has no working to wear out, decay or pollute the water.
It will not rust or corrode, as the shaft is made of galvanized iron.
It is the simplest and most durable structure made for raising water.
It can be set up in fifteen minutes, or there is no time to fasten below the platform.
It will not freeze, having stood the test of a Dakota winter, under ground below zero, as the buckets do thaw themselves.
Has no leather, rubber or wood in contact with the water to contaminate it.
You do not have to pump out a pailful of water to get a fresh, cool drink, for every bucket goes down full of air to the bottom, and rises with cool water as last as you pump.

Price $10 for a ten-foot well or cistern; 50 cents for every additional foot in depth, after 10 feet.

A live agent wanted in every town in the United States. Address

BUCKET PUMP CO.

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Purifies by Aeration.

GEO. HUNTLEY, Agent, Ebensburg, Pa.

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Manufacturers of HIGH GRADE PIANOS and ORGANS.

Importers and Jobbers of Music and Musical Merchandise.

We Make a SPECIALTY of Organs in Piano Cases, FINELY FINISHED and HAND POLISHED, in Rosewood, Ebony, Walnut and Antique Oak

And containing our own Patented Improvements.

We acknowledge no rivals in above styles, in TONE, ACTION or WORKMANSHIP. Pianos and Organs in ALL styles. We are Manufacturers and make manufacturer's prices. Orders for anything in the music line will receive prompt attention. Correspondence Solicited. Live Agents Wanted.

FACTORY: Cor. First and Washington Sts. -:- RETAIL WAREROOMS: 32 So. Main St.

REFERENCE: Farmers and Mechanics Bank, Ann Arbor, Mich.

SWEEPING PRICE - REDUCTIONS!

Preferring to carry Uncle Sam's Dollar to a big stock, we have inaugurated a

Great June Sale.

Sweeping Price Reductions.

A rare chance to get fine Clothing far below regular prices.

A. C. YATES & CO.,

6th and Chestnut St. (Ledger Building) 13th and Chestnut St.

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And Manufacturer & Dealer in

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PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,

LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS,

TABLES, CHAIRS,

Mattresses, &c.,

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☞ Citizens of Cambria County and all others wishing to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c., at honest prices are respectfully invited to give us a call before buying elsewhere, as we are confident that we can meet every want and please every taste. Prices the very lowest. [4-16-'90-tf.]

WANTED—AGENTS TO SOLICIT ORDERS FOR OUR TREES, SHRUBS, VINES, &c. STEADY WORK For Honest, Industrious Men.

Salary & Expenses, or Commission if preferred.

We grow a full line of varieties adapted to Pennsylvania

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Policies written at short notice in the

OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

T. W. DICK,

AGENT FOR THE

OLD HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.

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Ebensburg, July 21, 1882.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into nostrils is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head. Allays inflammation. Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell. 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, NY.

OILS! OILS!

The Standard Oil Company, of Pittsburg, Pa., make a specialty of manufacturing for the domestic trade the finest brands of

Illuminating and Lubricating Oils, Naphtha and Gasoline

That can be

MADE FROM PETROLEUM.

We challenge comparison with every known product of petroleum. If you wish the most

Most : Uniformly : Satisfactory : Oils

in the market ask for ours.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY,

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PATENT STEEL PICKET FENCE.

HANDSOME, INDESTRUCTIBLE. Cheaper than Wood.

The above cut shows Picket Fence with gate. (This is not a Netting.) Can be sent on 5 cm or Wood Posts. When writing for prices give Quantity, Number of Gates, Double and Single, Wanted. We make Wrought Steel Iron Fencing, Crestings, Stable Fittings, Fire Shutters and FINE ENGRAVING. Celtic Doors and Railings, Brass and Iron Grills, WIRE DOOR AND WINDOW SCREENS, and all kinds of WIRE WORK.

TAYLOR & DEAN,

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DEALER IN

Golden - Wedding - Rye - Whiskies,

136 WATER STREET, PITTSBURG, PA.

Oldest established house in the city, where nothing but pure goods are put up, strictly for family and medicinal use. Nothing better than Golden Wedding. Next on the list, Guckenheimer,s, Gray's Monongahela. Rye: these goods are leading brands. Brandies of vintage of 1878 on hand. Gins, Holland and Domestic, also Old Tom. Finch's Golden Wedding, \$1.00 for full quart, 6 for \$5.00; Guckenheimer's the same; Monongahela, \$8.00 per dozen. Wines, \$5.00 per dozen; \$3.00 for one-half dozen. Securely boxed. Also have in stock, Grandfather's Choice, at \$2.00 per gallon, barrels at special rates. Apr. 22, '90-1y

PILES. SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging, worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form and ulceration follows. Bleed and ulcerate. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. Swayne's Ointment is sold by druggists, or mailed by them, at 50 cents a box. Pamphlet, 32 pages, sent free. Address letters, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Fifth and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

PITCHING PILES.

SKIN DISEASES SWAYNE'S OINTMENT

ABSOLUTELY CURES.

When Visiting the Pittsburgh Exposition, call on the HENRICKS MUSIC CO., Ltd.

For Cash or Time Prices on

PIANOS AND ORGANS,

79 Fifth Ave., PITTSBURGH, PA.

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DETROIT "SURE GRIP" Steel Tackle Block

HALF THE COST of hoisting saved to Storekeepers, Butchers, Farmers, Machinists, Builders, Contractors and OTHERS. Admitted to be the greatest improvement EVER made in tackle blocks. Freight prepaid. Write for catalogue.

FULTON IRON & ENGINE WKS., 10 Brush St., Detroit, Mich. Established 1852. ma20-90-1y

CANCER and Tumors CURED: no knife; book free. DRS. GRATIGNY & BUSH, No. 160 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.

Newfoundland.

Newfoundland is about 300 miles across at the broadest part and a little over 400 miles long. Its people are peculiar, as all insula folk are, but rugged, hardy, honest and hospital to a degree.

The whole interior is an unknown territory. Only one white man has ever made the journey from east to west—a Mr. Cormack, who accomplished the feat in 1829. Consequently there is no map of Newfoundland extant which is in any degree reliable. It is a very curious fact that a valuable tract of land with coal, iron, lead and silver in its bowels, and perfectly accessible to the explorer, should remain so long unknown.

The inhabitants live on the water and have no interest whatever in farming. What they eat and wear is all imported. Hardtack, tea and fish constitute their diet from one year to another, and on the poor man's table meat is seldom seen. They are skilled sailors, but they would stumble over a plow and break their necks. The coast is their home home, all they know anything about, except the wild waste of waters from which they get their living and in which so many find their graves. Ten miles from the rocks on which the cabins are built you enter upon a wilderness well stocked with game, watered by rivers in which trout are plenty, but the people leave it undisturbed by axe or agriculture.

The quaint city of St. Johns reminds of the mellow and mystical medieval days. It has thrift, but it is old-fashioned. At night the watchman still patrols the streets droning out the hours in stentorian voice and ending with the refrain "All's well."

Some day enterprise will rub its eyes open, and then Newfoundland will offer a new field for capital and speculation.

The Coffee of Bolivia.

The agricultural industries of Bolivia comprise but three articles of consequence, viz: coffee, chincona bark and cocoa. The best coffee comes from the valley of the Yungas. Through a very small white bean, it posesses a peculariy delicate flavor, and commands a higher price in the market than any other. The narrow valley, however, produces 12,000 arrobas a year (25 pounds to the arroba), or about one-fourth of Bolivia's supply. The province of Mapiri produces three times as much, but its coffee brings less money, being of inferior quality.

The average value of Yungas' yearly crop is 100,000 pesos aurana, or 80,000 bolivianas, the dollars of the country.

A boliviana, by the way, is worth twenty-five cents less than the "sol" (dollar) of Peru; and the Bolivian peso is worth 25 cents less than the bolivians, while every American dollar in gold or paper commands \$1.80 in Bolivian currency. To transport the Yungas coffee over the mountains to La Paz costs the producer about two bolivianas and forty cents per quintal.

The average price of coffee at La Paz is 24 bolivianas per hundred weight, while from the coast of Europe, all the way around by sailing vessels, it is only one bolivians. Luckily there is no export duty on coffee, though at present barely enough is grown for home consumption. Doubtless the output will soon be greatly increased, as many of the largest chincona planters are now planting coffee instead of the quina tree, since the latter has become literally a "drug on the market."

Take Warning

An editor died and slowlywended his way down to where he supposed a warm reception awaited him. The devil met him and said: "For many years thou hast borne blame of bad spelling that the printer has gotten off in the paper; the paper hast gone out at a dollar a year alas, the one dollar has failed to come in. The printer was bedeviled for wages every Saturday night, and thou hast not a darned farthing to thy name.

Men have been taking the paper without paying for it, and have cursed thee for not getting up a better paper. Thou hast been called deadhead by the conductors when thou hast shown thy annual to their gaze. All these thou hast borne in silence. Thou cans't not come here." And he fired him. And as he did so the devil murmured to himself: "Heaven is his home, and beside, if I had left him in here he would have been dunning his delinquent subscribers and thereby raise discord in my kingdom."

Vacation Episode.

"Maud, I should like to know the meaning of this reception."

"Mr. Hazard, you shall!" answered the prond country girl, freezingly. "I have found you out, sir. That is all!"

"What do you mean, dearest?"

"Don't come near me, sir! Stay on the other side of that table. I have found out that you have been amusing yourself at my expense."

"For Heaven's sake, Maud, explain."

"I know I am freckled-faced, sir!" she said, with flashing eye, "but I did not think you capable of joking about it with your friends."

"I haven't done anything of the kind, Maud!" protested the young man.

"You have, sir! After you had—had proposed to me last night, and—I said yyees, and you had gone, I overheard you telling Mr. Bellchamber out there on the front porch what glorious fun it was to go into the mountains in August and catch speckled beauties."

Saratoga Potatoes.

Saratoga potatoes are twice fried, by the following directions: Slice very thinly some washed and peeled potatoes, dry them well in a clean cloth, put them in a frying basket, and plunge this into sufficient boiling fat to cover them completely. Cook them till tender, then lift out the basket, allow the fat to boil up, return the potatoes to the pan, and let them get quite crisp, drain from the fat, sprinkle with salt and a little chopped parsley and dish up. If packed in a tin air-tight box, these potatoes keep good for some time, and are equally good hot or cold.

R. L. JOHNSTON. M. J. BUCK. A. W. BUCK

ESTABLISHED 1872.

Johnston, Buck & Co.,

BANKERS,

EBENSBURG, - - - PENN'A.

A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

ESTABLISHED 1888.

Carrolltown Bank,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

T. A. SHARBAUGH, Cashier.

General Banking Business Transacted.

The following are the principal features of a general banking business:

DEPOSITS

Received payable on demand, and interest bearing certificates issued to time depositors.

LOANS

Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.

COLLECTIONS

Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

DRAFTS

Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

ACCOUNTS

Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accomodation will be extended.

Patrons are assured that all transactions shall be held as strictly private and confidential, and that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

Respectfully,

JOHNSTON, BUCK & CO.

JOHN A. BLAIR. JOHN T. BLAIR

BLAIR & SON'S

DAILY MEAT MARKET,

Centre Street, Ebensburg, Pa.

The Best Western Cattle Butchered every day. Also Fresh Lamb, Veal, Mutton, Lard, Etc., always on hand.

Market open at all hours and attentive and obliging salesmen to attend to the wants of customers.

Tutt's Pills

stimulate the torpid liver, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels, and are wonderful as an

ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE.

In malarial districts their virtues are widely recognized, as they possess peculiar properties in freeing the system from the poison. Elegantly sugar coated. Date small. Price, 25cts.

Sold Everywhere.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

I CURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,

A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address

H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 PEARL ST., NEW YORK

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Premature Decay of Body and Mind. Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS or PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Sent safely from observation. Write for Circulars, Testimonials, Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs sealed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

SCOTT'S

EMULSION

DOES CURE

CONSUMPTION

In its First Stages.

Be sure you get the genuine.

NOT DEAD YET!

VALLIE LUTTRINGER,

MANUFACTURER OF

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE AND TIN ROOFING,

Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacturing to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest living prices.

☞ No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.

TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY.

Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices. V. LUTTRINGER.

Ebensburg, April 13, 1883-tf.

C. A. LANGBEIN,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

ALL KINDS of HARNESS,

SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS,

COLLARS HARNESS OILS, BLANKETS,

Robes, Fly Nets, Curry Combs, etc., etc. Repairing Neatly and Promptly done. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

☞ Shop 8 arker s'Row on Centre street.

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SALESMEN WANTED.

Local or Traveling.

to sell our Nursery Stock. Salary, Expenses and Steady Employment Guaranteed.

CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y.

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Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency

T. W. DICK,

General Insurance Agent

EBENSBURG, PA.

A French Prisoner's Pets.

M. de la Trude, a Frenchman who fell under the displeasure of Madame Pompodour in 1749 and was consequently imprisoned in the Bastile and other fortresses for thirty-five years, tells how he alleviated the tedium of his captivity by making companions of some rats. He was some annoyed for years by the rats which at night fall swarmed into his cell hunting about for scraps of food and sometimes biting his face when he was asleep. They entered by a hole which ventilated his dungeon; it was about two feet above the floor, and under it was two steps on which he used to sit and breathe fresh air as it entered.

While seated there one day he noticed a large rat at the other end of the hole and threw it a fragment of bread. This was snatched up and was followed by more pieces until his supply was exhausted. The next day, at the same hour, the rat was there again, and by throwing bread crumbs so they came nearer and nearer to him the prisoner gradually induced his visitor to approach, until he finally took a piece from his hand. In a few days the rat was so tame that it would sit on his knee, washing its face and eating what scraps were given to it. One day he brought a companion, which became friendly almost at once, and after a little while the two rats took up their permanent residence in the dungeon.

They occasionally went out through the hole, generally returning with some other rat, and each newcomer made himself at home, until evidently M. de la Tude's cell was peopled by a family of ten of the rodents. He taught them to recognize the names he gave them, and used to play with them for hours together. They learned from him a number of tricks and showed quite a spirit of rivalry in the way they went through their performances.

In the Quiet Country.

I had been staying in an Indiana farm house all night, and next morning the farmer said he would give me a lift into town. When he was ready to go he called to his oldest boy:

"Bill, is that shotgun loaded with salt for tramps?"

"Yes."

"Well, keep a lookout for wildcats, lightning rod, organ and sewing machine men. Don't have any truck with the peddlers or poultry buyers. Don't let in patent gate or wire fence men. Keep clear of patent hay forks, and don't waste no time on churns, force pumps, icecream freezers, bag holders, patent barrels, fruit trees, wagon jacks nor owl traps."

"No."

"And say, Bill!" called the old man after we had driven 40 or 50 rods, don't buy no cure for the heaves, no fire paint, no patent gate hinges, pitchforks nor encyclopedias."

"No."

We had driven about three miles when he suddenly pulled up with an exclamation of disgust.

"What is it?"

"Hang my hide if I didn't clean forget to warn Bill agin Bademagin and New Zealand clover and them peddlin' insurance agents! Well, it's too late now, but I guess I kin git back home afore the mob overpowers him."

Fun With a Cork Leg.

It would not be supposed that any one could get much fun out of a cork leg.

Yet I knew a man who had the misfortune to lose his leg who got a good deal of amusement out of its cork substitute.

Once he nearly scared an old gentleman out of his wits.

It was in this way:—The said cork leg was a very well made one, and while its owner was seated you could not tell the difference between the real and false article. One day my friend was in a railroad car and opposite him was an old gentleman. My friend took out his penknife and began paring his nails.

When he finished, instead of putting his knife back in his pocket, like an ordinary mortal, he gave it a jerk, and it stuck in his cork leg, and it vibrated to and fro in a sufficiently terrible manner.

The old gentleman's feeling was "better" be imagined than described, as they say in the novels. He turned a beautiful green color, and at the next stoppage skipped from the car in a most active manner. He evidently thought he had got in with a madman, and probably imagined his leg would be the next to be experimented on.

A Dangerous Clam.

A giant clam is the largest bivalve known. In Northern Australia they are considered an edible species and are regularly sought after by the natives. Mr. Denton of the United States Fish Commission has seen clams containing forty to fifty pounds of meat, and it is a matter of record that individuals weighing 300 pounds have been shipped. The giant clam lies almost concealed in the reefs, just showing the beautiful blue and green of its mantle above the coral.

The crushing power of this shell is startling. Mr. Denton thrust a stick as big as a man's leg between the valves of one of them and it was broken short off. A man's foot would be crushed as easily as a pipestem. The natives have a dread of stepping unawares into one of these formidable traps. They kill the animals by stabbing it with a long sword and then remove the meat without disturbing the shell, thus saving a vast amount of labor and trouble.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The alarm perhaps of the sure approach of that most terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Others do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.